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WINTER EVENING  
TALES:  
BEING A  
COLLECTION  
OF

Entertaining Stories,

Related in an

ASSEMBLY

Of the most

POLITE PERSONS

Of the

*French* NATION.

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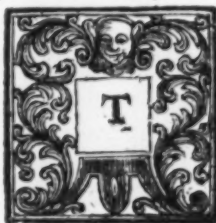




T O

Mrs. Edgeley Hewer.

Madam,



*HIS* Collection being intended to amuse the Winter Evenings I flatter myself it may afford you some Entertainment in the Absence of better Company.

If it should be so happy as to obtain your Approbation, secure in your Protection and superior Judgment, I shall laugh at the empty Criticisms of our Sex, or ill-natured Censures of yours.

I shall not (as is customary on these Occasions) expatiate upon the many Beauties of your Mind and Person, since they can only be inherited by the STUARTS Line,  
from

## DEDICATION.

*from which you are not unworthily descended.*

*I rely, Madam, upon your Goodness to pardon this Address, without previously asking your Permission, since it is only the Result of a grateful Desire of making some Acknowledgement of the many Obligations I have received both from you, and your worthy Father.*

I am,

Madam,

With the greatest Respect,

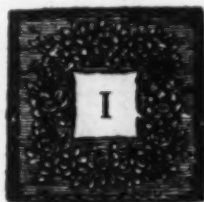
Your most obliged,

Humble Servant.

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# WINTER EVENING TALES &c.



Was lately in *Provence*, towards the Season of *Autumn*, at a Person of Quality's, which was every Evening the *Rendezvous* of a numerous and agreeable Company, who used to divert themselves in playing at different Games, as Cards, Dice, Drafts, *Trictrac*, and Chess. But these Games seeming too serious to five young Ladies, and three Batchelors of us, we retired into a Corner of the Room to play at Questions and Commands. After having play'd some Time

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in the usual Manner, we began at last to be weary of the little Fooleries that are practis'd therein; when a young Lady, who had Abundance of Wit, said, that to give Life to our Game, every one who forfeited, should be obliged either to relate some of their own Adventures, or at least some Story in which they had had some Share. Every one approved of the Motion, and we found by this Novelty our little Number increased by several Persons of all Sexes and Ages, every one being very glad, either to recite their own Adventures, or to hear those of others, which varied the Subjects very agreeably, as you will find in the Sequel.

The next Day the whole Company met again, and even received an Addition by the Arrival of Mr. *Coquinville*, an Attorney, and a dancing Master from the Opera. We were not a little pleased at the coming of two Persons of a Humour so proper to make us merry; for Mr. *Coquinville* was one of these old Men who had been wild in his youthful Days, and was not quite morose in his old Age, as other Men generally are; and Mr. *Colofane* the dancing Master, who did not want for Wit, had  
likewise

likewise the Character of being the Confident to all the young Noblemen about the Court. The rest of the Company played as the Day before at Cards, Triëtrac, and Chess; but all of us who had played at Questions and Commands preferred again that Diversion to any other. In fine, it was unanimously agreed, that all who foreired, should tell a Story to recover their Forfeits; so that in a short time we had got a great Number.

The first Forfeit that was drawn being a patch Box that belonged to a young Lady, she related the following Story.

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### The First Forfeit.

#### *The History of the Marquess de* CRITON.

**A** Young Gentleman walking one Night in the Streets of *Paris*, between twelve and one a Clock, met a very handsome young Lady : Seeing her  
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alone at such an unseasonable Hour, he judged she wanted to pick up some Gallant, and with that Thought accosted her, and asked her; Whither are you going so late, Madam? Are not you afraid of losing your self at this Time of Night? No, Sir, said she, I know the Way where I am to go so well, that I am not afraid of going astray. Will you give me Leave, answered the Gentleman, to do my self the Honour to bear you Company? You will oblige me very much, replied the Lady, and by this Answer confirm'd him in the Opinion he before had of this Adventure. Hereupon he presented her his Hand, which she did not refuse, and afterwards said to her every Thing that Gallantry could inspire into a Man of Wit; to which the Fair One made no Reply. A Footman happening to pass by with a Flambeau, let him see that the Lady whose Hand he held was extremely beautiful, and gave him a very advantageous Idea of this Rencontre.

At last when the Lady found herself pretty near the Place whither she was going, she said to him: Sir, if the Patience I have had to hearken to you has made you conceive any Opinion

to my Disadvantage, I beg you to do me the Justice to undeceive your self; and be assured, that altho' you have found me in the Streets alone at an unseasonable Hour, I am nevertheless a Woman of Honour, since I only came out to fetch a Midwife to my Mother, who is in Labour, whilst the Servant, who has Experience in this Sort of Affairs, stays with her to assist her. There is the House where my Business lies; Sir, I thank you for your Company, and the Trouble you was pleas'd to give your self. Madam, replied the Adventurer, who was already charmed with her Beauty and Modesty, I am so well convinced of your Prudence, and the Affection you bear to your Mother, that I should think my self wanting in the Duty of a Gentleman, if I should leave you before I see you home.

Sir, answered she, it is needless to give your self that Trouble, the Midwife and her Husband will conduct me back: That shall not hinder me, Madam, returned he, from having that Honour as well as they.

The Lady finding she could not get rid of the young Gentleman, waited with him at the Midwife's Door, till  
she



she and her Husband dress'd themselves. During this Interval he said to her ; Madam, if the Services of a Gentleman who has an Estate, and is of a good Family, would be acceptable to you, you should find in me as affectionate a Servant as any in the World. Sir, replied she, I have too few Charms to deserve the Service of such a Gentleman as I imagine you to be, and too small a Fortune to pretend to bind you to me by Interest : As for Birth, indeed, I may justly value my self upon that, since my Father, who has been dead about six Months, and was called the Baron *D——*, was one of the best Families in *Burgundy* ; but he met with so many Crosses and Misfortunes, that all the Inheritance he left me was my Pretensions to the Title of a Lady ; and, for my Mother, she has only the Hopes of bringing soon into the World a Gentleman who will have no other Patrimony than his Name and his Nobility.

The Midwife and her Husband being come down, they went all four together. In the Way the Gentleman asked the Lady's Leave to come and visit her sometimes, to assure her of his Respects. She



She answered him, that he would do her a great deal of Honour, but that having a Mother whose Severity would not allow her to receive Visits from any Persons but those of her own Sex, she conjured him earnestly not to give himself that Trouble. At least, Madam, added he, don't refuse me the Favour to tell me where you usually go to hear Mass, that I may only have the Pleasure of seeing you there sometimes. She would likewise have excused her self from granting that Request; but he begg'd her so very earnestly, that she could not avoid telling him, that she went usually with her Mother to the *White Fryars*. At length they arrived at the young Lady's House, where the Gentleman took Leave of her with an extreme Regret, but however with Hopes of seeing her soon again at Mass.

The Midwife not finding the Pains so strong as the young Lady had represented to her, *Isabella* (for that was the fair One's Name) taking Advantage of the Interval of her Pains, related her Adventure to her Mother, who commended her highly for having refused Admission to a Man, who, in all Probability, would only have come to seduce her,

her, and furnish Matter of Scandal to the Neighbourhood. At last *Madame D——* was happily delivered of a Son, according to her Daughter's Prediction.

During her lying in, *Isabella*, who went alone to the Mass, never failed of seeing the Gentleman there, who not daring to accost her, for Fear of disobliging her, satisfied himself with making a Bow to her. Some Days after he grew bolder, and addressing *Isabella* civilly, enquired after her Mother's Health. The young Lady having answered him, that she was happily delivered, he express'd his Joy thereat, in such a handsome and respectful Manner, that the fair One was charmed therewith. That Sympathy which unites Hearts, together with the Esteem she had already conceived for him, worked so strongly in her Soul, that she found when she left him, that he had carried away part of her. His good Mien, which was continually before her Eyes, made the more lively Impressions in her Mind, inasmuch as every Thing seem'd already disposed to receive them. She became thoughtful and melancholy, and being always full of the *Marquis de Criton*, (that was the  
Name

*Winter Evening Tales.*

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Name of her Lover) she had no sooner quitted him, but thro' an Impatience to see him again, the rest of the Day seemed an Age to her. On the other Hand, the Marquis found his Passion for her increase no less every Day; they knew so well how to take Advantage of the Time of her Mother's Lying-in, that they never failed seeing and speaking to each other every Opportunity; but when her Month was expired, they could no longer have the Liberty of Conversation, but were forced on both Sides to be contented with the single Pleasure of seeing each other, without speaking.

In the mean while, the Love of the Marquis was grown to such a Height, that he could not resist the violent Inclination he had of declaring the Excess of his Passion to his Mistress. He wrote a *Billet-doux*, which he gave to a little old Man named *Cristin*, who presents the holy Water to all that frequent the Church of the *White Fryars*, where his Mistress then was with her Mother. He told the good Man, shewing him *Isabella*, that if he would deliver her that Letter, he would give him a handsome Gratuity for his Trouble; but take great Care, added he, that the Lady who is with her  
don't

don't perceive you. *Cristin* promised to acquit himself of it to his Satisfaction. The great Modesty with which the fair One behaved herself in the Church, did not prevent her perceiving that the Marquis was speaking to *Cristin*, and she suspected that he would have something to say to her in her Lover's Behalf. As they came out of the Church, *Isabella* affected to walk a few Paces behind her Mother, as it were out of Respect, and let her take the holy Water and go out first; then coming up to take it in her Turn, the old Man, instead of the holy Water, presented her with the Marquis's Letter; and as he had been well paid for this first, he said to her, Madam, be so good as to bring me an Answer, if you please: *Isabella* took the Letter, hid it, and followed her Mother; and when she got home, locked her self in her Chamber to open it, and read as follows.

*I hope, you will pardon, Madam, the Liberty I take of writing to you, and allow me to have sometimes that Honour; it shall always be without violating the Respect I owe you, and which I have prescribed to my self as a Law when I gave you*  
*my*

my Heart. If the extreme Passion I have for you, and my Confession of it, are not offensive, I hope you'll honour me with a Line in Answer to this; if I am so happy to obtain this Favour, I will cherish that Pledge of your Goodness more than the most precious Treasures. Ah! How great will my Happiness and Pleasure then be! I know none greater, unless it be the Satisfaction of seeing you; find out an Opportunity, I conjure you, as often as possible, if you would add to the sweetest Moments of my Life.

This Letter touch'd the Heart of *Isabella* very sensibly, and she began from that Time to esteem her self the happiest Person in the World, in being beloved by a Cavalier who seemed so perfectly accomplished. She found in all his Actions a certain Characteristick of a Man of Honour, which seemed to promise for the Sincerity of his Heart; and no longer doubted, but that Fortune declaring in her Favour, was going to repair in her Person the Injuries she had done her Parents. Being disposed to let her act as she pleased, she thought it proper to conceal her Love, being persuaded that if she declared it to her Mother, she might happen not to approve it.

it. Wherefore till her Lover should declare himself, she resolved to behave her self towards him in such a Manner, that he should, of his own Accord, arrive at the Pass where she desired him, without endangering her Honour. With this View she made him the following Answer.

*I hope, Sir, you'll have the Generosity not to interpret to my Disadvantage the Step I now take; it is only founded upon the high Esteem I have for you, and the prudent Conduct I have seen you observe, since I have had the Honour to know you. If our Interviews are so great a Pleasure as you pretend, you may flatter your self, that for my Part I am not altogether insensible; you will be the more convinced of this by the Care I shall take for the future to apprise you of the Places whither my Mother and I go; and I inform you beforehand, that we shall go this Afternoon about three o'Clock to the Street des Bourdonnois to Gautiers, to buy some Silks for Cloaths; this gives me so much the more Pleasure, inasmuch as I flatter my self with the Hopes of finding in the innocent Artifice of Dress and Trimmings, those Charms which Nature has refused me; having nothing*  
*more*



more at Heart than to approach as near as possible to the Perfection which I would have to deserve your Affection.

Next Morning *Isabella* and her Mother going to Mass at the usual Hour, the Marquis, who was already there, imagined it a good Omen when he saw his Mistress give a Letter to *Cristin*. Here-upon he immediately went to receive it, and retired behind a Pillar to peruse it. 'Twould be difficult to express his Joy, when by the reading of her Answer, he found that *Isabella* was not displeased with the Note he had written to her : He gave very sensible Proofs of his Satisfaction to *Cristin*, after the Ladies were gone out, by rewarding nobly the Service which he had rendered him. This done, he went to *Gantier*, by whom he was known; and he asking him, Sir, what can I do to serve you? Permit me, says he, to pass this Afternoon in your Warehouse for one of your Journeymen, and allow me to sell at what Price I please, your Silks to some Ladies who will come here to buy; you need make no Difficulty of this, since I will give you an Account of whatever Merchandize I sell, and for your greater Security, here is a



Purse with one Hundred *Louis d'Ors*, which I deliver into your Hands. The Shopkeeper consented to all his Demands, and only made some Scruple of receiving the Money; but the Marquis insisted upon it so strenuously, that he was forced to keep the Purse.

As soon as he had dined he returned to the Warehouse, and metamorphosed himself into a Mercer's Journeyman; after which he looked over the richest Silks, informed himself of their respective Prices, and ordered the most ordinary Pieces to be locked up. He was thus employed when *Isabella* came in with her Mother and her Aunt. At first the fair One did not know her Lover, not in the least imagining that she would find him in such a Place; she was even vexed at not having met him by the Way, and already accused him of Negligence and Coolness; and she was so prepossess'd with this Uneasiness, that instead of looking upon the Silks which were shewn her, she continually cast her Eyes towards the Door. The pretended Journeyman having unfolded a very fine Piece, the Mother and the Aunt immediately refused it, judging reasonably that it would very much exceed the Price  
which

which they had proposed to give; he then opened one that was yet richer, which they likewise refused.

Hereupon the gallant Mercer, who perceived *Isabella's* Uneasiness, said to them; Ladies, with your Leave, let the young Gentlewoman view it, as 'tis for her, 'tis proper to know her Opinion. These Words struck the Ears of *Isabella*, and touched her Heart, so that turning her Head she knew her Lover. She blush'd on seeing him so near her, and to conceal her Disorder, covered her Face with her Fan; then looking upon the Silk which she thought perfectly beautiful, she wished she could have it, because it was agreeable to him whom she most coveted to please; but imagining that the Price would amount to much more than her Mother would expend, she said to *Criton*: Sir, my Choice shall always be conformable to my Mother's; pray shew us some others, if you please. Upon this, he unfolded another, not so handsome as the two former; but the Price being too great, they left that to look upon some others. In Proportion as he shewed them more ordinary Pieces, he demanded a higher Price; which made the Mother despair of buying, and

obliged the Aunt to say to the Marquis: But if these Silks are so dear, pray what would you ask for this Piece? Shewing him the second which he had unfolded.

Hereupon *Criton*, who had only waited for this Opportunity, asked them such a low Price, that it was not near half the Value of the Silk. Then the Mother being charmed with the Beauty of the Silk, and yet more with the Lowness of the Price, ventured to offer a Crown an Ell less than had been asked; and the gallant Mercer, being overjoyed that his Mistress would have such a rich Suit of Cloaths, took her at her Word. Hereupon the Aunt said to the Mother, you was in too great a Hurry, you should have haggled more, you might without doubt have had it cheaper; but 'tis too late now, the Silk is cut: Nevertheless 'tis very beautiful, replied the young Lady, and I should have thought it would have cost a great deal more.

Having paid the Marquis they went away, not knowing what to think of their Bargain; *Criton's* having taken them at their first Offer made them believe they were imposed on; but in Return, the Beauty of the Silk comforted them. The first Person of Understanding

ing with whom they met, and to whom they shewed their Purchase, was charmed with the Richness and Beauty of the Silk, and valued it at twice as much as they had paid for it. This made the Ladies laugh, as thinking that the other was no Judge; but when they found that all the Gentlemen and Ladies to whom they shewed it afterwards guessed it rather at more than less, they were very well satisfied with their Bargain. All their Friends desired Patterns of the Silk, in order to go and buy some of the same; but when they came to the Warehouse, they found it above twice as dear. At last, an intimate Friend of *Madame D*— said to her; for God's Sake go along with me, since you are the only Person to whom they will sell this Silk so cheap. Accordingly they went, but they were told that the Piece was all sold, and that there was no more of the same Sort.

The Marquis *de Criton* being highly pleased with the Success of his Stratagem, reimbursed the Shopkeeper the Overplus of the Price of the Merchandize which he had sold, and went away. As he had no greater Satisfaction than in passing by his Mistress's Door when he could not see her, he observed the next

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Day a Man come out of the House, whom he asked civilly what Business had called him thither. The Man, who was a Staymaker, answered, that he had been to take Measure of *Mademoiselle Isabella* for a Pair of Stays. And how much does she give you for making them? Sir answered the Staymaker, she gives me but eighteen *Livres* for Trimmings and all. And I, replied the Marquis, beg you to make them as rich and handsome as you can, and tell me in your Conscience what they are worth, and I will pay it you; here are two *Louis d'Ors* which I give you beforehand, take all the Care imaginable; when do you think they will be finished? Sir, said the Staymaker, in four Days at farthest: I desire you, added the Marquis, not to carry them home till I have seen them.

The Time being come when these Stays were to be made, the Marquis went to the Staymaker's, and asked him if he thought the Stays would fit *Mademoiselle Isabella* exactly. He answered, that when he had once taken Measure of any Person, he never altered them, he was so sure of his Work; and that he had been so careful in taking her Measure, that he believed they would fit to a Miracle. If

it be so, said the Marquis, I may very well try them on my self, and pass for your Journeyman. But, Sir, answered the Staymaker,——But, added the Marquis, interrupting him, 'tis a Service you must do me, and for so doing I will give you a *Louis d'Or*. There needed no other Reason to overcome the Scruples of the Staymaker, who immediately gave his new Journeyman all the Instructions necessary to act his Part well. During this *Interim*, a good pretty young Woman came to know if her Stays were finished; the Staymaker having answered yes, the Marquis asked her if she would let him try them on, offering to pay for them if she would consent.

The young Woman imagining that he spoke out of Gallantry, refused him; but the Staymaker rightly judging that the Marquis would give him the best Price, advised her very much not to refuse the Gentleman's Proposal, assuring her that he had no other Intention therein, than to inform himself of the Manner of trying on another Pair which he shewed her. Besides, added he, you have no Reason to be afraid, since he will only fit them on in the Presence of my Wife and me. At last, the young Woman



man was prevailed on by these Reasons, and suffered the Marquis to try them on, whilst the Man shewed him how he must do. The young Woman happening to complain that her Stays hurt her a little at the Top, the Staymaker drew them forward with his Teeth, to make them fall into the proper Shape. How, says the Marquis, must I draw *Mademoiselle Isabelle's* after the same Manner? Certainly, replied the Staymaker, 'tis a Method that must be used, when we would not have Stays sit uneasy.

This Ceremony was by no Means disagreeable to the Marquis; who giving the Staymaker the *Louis d'Or* he had promised him, and paying for *Mademoiselle Isabella* and the young Woman's Stays, laid aside his Feather and his Sword, and went with the Stays to *Madame D—'s*. To her he said, that his Master being gone to *Versailles* to carry a Pair of Stays to a Princess, had ordered him, being his Foreman, to come and try on *Mademoiselle Isabella's*. Hereupon the Lady sent the Servant to bid her Daughter come down and sit on her Stays; accordingly she came soon after into her Mother's Chamber, having nothing on but one Petticoat. The artful Staymaker, who  
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generally wore a fair Peruke, having put on a brown Wig to disguise himself the more, was not at first known by his Mistress; wherefore she put on her Stays without much Precaution, being prepossess'd with the Notion that Staymakers are used to see bare Necks, and that one ought not to stand much upon Ceremonies with them. He laced on her Stays, fitted them, and examined them behind and before, which done, he pulled down the Sides of the Stays with his Hands, to settle them to her Shape. After all these Ceremonies, he asked her if they did not hurt her a little about the Neck.

At this Voice the fair One found herself moved, and opening her Eyes, perceived it was her Lover: Wherefore she said to him blushing, that they did pinch her a little at the Top: Then the Staymaker putting himself in a Posture to draw them forward with his Teeth, as he had seen his Master do by the young Woman; *Isabella* retired two Steps back, blushing still more, imagining he was going to kiss her Neck, which was bare, and infinitely beautiful. Hereupon the pretended Staymaker said to her, *Mademoiselle* I must absolutely draw your Stays forward with my Teeth, if you would

would have them sit well. Upon this her Mother interposing, said to her Daughter; go you Fool let him do it, there is a great Matter indeed to blush at! These Gentlemen are used to see a great many others, and have not the least Notion of what you are thinking upon. After such an absolute Order, the gallant Staymaker went up to her, and drew the Stays as he pleased; but could not part from such a charming Place without stealing a Kiss. This he did so subtly, that the Mother did not at all perceive it, but her Daughter was so sensibly touched with it, that she seemed all in a Flame, which her Mother attributed only to her being ashamed of appearing bare necked before a Man, and said to the Staymaker: Excuse my Daughter's Indecence, she is young, and has as yet but very little Experience. Madam, answered he, I am so far from blaming these Marks of Modesty, that they increase my Esteem and my Respect. The Stays being found perfectly well made, and the Mother being very well pleased, she paid the Staymaker, who retired abundantly satisfied with the Success of this new Stratagem. In Love Affairs, Boldness has its Charms. *Isabella* being  
over-

overjoyed at what her Lover had undertaken only for the Pleasure of seeing her, found her Love for him redoubled; and the Remembrance of the gallant Part he had acted at *Gautier's*, left her no Room to doubt but that the Richness of these Stays was a new Effect of his Gallantry.

Next Morning *Madame D*—— received a Parcel of fine Hollands, beautiful Laces, Muslins, and Cambricks, upon opening which she found inclosed a Note to this Effect.

*Madam, your deceased Spouse returning from Flanders, bought at Mechlin this Cloth, and these Muslins and Laces; and as he did not enter them, they were seized at the Custom-House, and I had reserved them for my own Use; but a Remorse of Conscience obliges me now to restore them: You have a Daughter of a fit Age to wear them; she may use them, if she pleases, as her own. Adieu, don't trouble your self to inquire who I am.*

*Madame D*— believed the Thing to be Matter of Fact, as the Letter said; but her Daughter, who rightly suspected whence they came, had them made into Head-Cloaths, and other Linnen, whose

whose Beauty suited admirably well with the Richness of her Cloaths. However the Marquis not being willing to confine his Generosity to such small Matters, contrived to play her another Trick, whereof neither she nor her Mother could be aware. One Day when he found them at Church, he observed a Man who seemed to have pretty much the Air of a Pickpocket. He accosted him, and told him, shewing him *Isabella*, Friend, if you can steal away that young Lady's Necklace dextrously, without her perceiving it, I will give you two *Louis d'Ors* for your Pains; fear nothing, the Necklace is false, and however it be, let what will happen, I am able to defend you; and if you succeed in this Enterprize, I will give you the two *Louis d'Ors* which I have promised you, as soon as you bring me the Necklace. The Pickpocket going up to the fair One, and pretending to ask Alms, loosened the Necklace very artfully, then holding the two Strings that were untied, he gave her a little Tap upon the right Shoulder, and whilst she turned her Head on that Side, he let go one of the Strings, and drew that on the left Side:

Side : Thus he stole her Necklace without her feeling it, because she imputed the rubbing she had felt against her Neck, to the Motion she had made in turning her Head.

The Pickpocket finding himself in Possession of a Necklace which he thought fine and of considerable Value, instead of carrying it to the Marquess betook himself to his Heels, and ran away with it, without the Marquess's troubling his Head what he would do with it. He went out after the Ladies, and having overtaken them, asked *Isabella* if she had not lost her Necklace: The Mother turning her Head, looks at the Neck of her Daughter, who had already clapped her Hands there, and both of them answered, Yes. Then pulling one out of his Pocket, which was well worth two thousand Crowns, he presented it to the young Lady, telling her he had taken it out of the Hands of a Pickpocket whom he saw steal it: Hereupon the Ladies, being deceived by the Likeness of this Necklace to the other, took it without Hesitation, and returned many Thanks to the Marquess, who went away very well satisfied with his new Success.

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It is not to be wondered at that the *Marquess de Criton* put himself to such a great Expence, for he was in Possession of a vast Revenue, having lost both his Father and his Mother. Besides, he lodged with an old Aunt who was very rich, and to whom he was sole Heir; and the Aunt desired nothing more ardently than to see him married. She had often mentioned it to him for some time, and he had told her that it should be sooner than she imagined. The *Sunday* following *Isabella* appeared at Church with a Lustre that eclipsed all the other Beauties; the Magnificence of her Cloaths, the fineness of her Linnen and Laces, and the sparkling of her Necklace, together with her natural Charms, made such a strong Impression upon the *Marquess*, that he could no longer withstand his Impatience to be united to her in the Bonds of Matrimony. Accordingly he proposed it the same Day to his Aunt, who being overjoyed to find him in that Disposition, went without Delay to ask the Consent of *Madame D——*, who received her very graciously; and *Isabella* seemed in the Eyes of the Aunt very worthy of the *Marquess* her Nephew's Choice. After  
the

the usual Compliments on such Occasions, the Aunt having obtained Leave for her Nephew to come and pay his Respects to them, took her Leave.

But how great was the Surprize of *Madame D* —, when at the Marquess's first Visit, she discovered that he was the same Person that had sold them the Silk, and that he was likewise the same who under the Disguise of a Staymaker had tried on her Daughter's Stays! As he was then dress'd in the same Cloaths as when he gave her the Necklace, which he pretended he had taken out of a Pickpocket's Hands, she no longer doubted but it was both very fine, and of a considerable Value, as she had been informed several times. Being moved with so many Proofs of his Generosity, and the Honour he did her Daughter, she expressed her Acknowledgments to him in the most gracious and most obliging Terms imaginable. To which the Marquess answered; 'tis I, Madam, who owe you all Things, and as all that I enjoy in the World seems of no Value to me, in Comparison with the inestimable Treasure, whereof you are at present willing to grant me the Possession; I dare assure

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.. you

you that abundance of Respect and Love shall make Amends for my want of Fortune.

He continued to visit her every Day till the Celebration of their Nuptials; after which, the Marquess being overjoyed to be Possessor of so amiable a Wife, gave himself up entirely to her, and loved her with all the Tenderness imaginable.

*Madame D* ——— being satisfied with her Daughter's Happiness, shewed him all Manner of Complaisance, and the young Lady thanked Heaven, for having met with such an advantageous Fortune, at such an unseasonable Hour.



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## The Second Forfeit.

**T**HE next Forfeit that was drawn was a Pocket-Book, which belonging to a certain Abbot, to redeem it he told us the following Story.

### *The Cuckold in his own Imagination.*

Whilst I was studying Philosophy at the University at *Paris*, one of my Fellow Collegiates engaged me to go with him, to pass the Vintage at a Country Seat of his Father's, half a League beyond *Ville-Juif*. Not finding any Places in the Stage-Coach, my Companion and I resolved to undertake this little Journey on Foot. As we were upon the Road, we heard a great Outcry, which came from a Waggon that was going before us : Being alarmed thereat, we redoubled our Speed, to know the Reason of this Noise, and found an Her-

mit who held a Man by the Hair, whilst the Man plucked him by the Beard, and the Cuffs and Kicks flew about like Hail.

The Cries which we had heard proceeded from a Woman who seemed a Baker's Wife, and to whom the Waggon belonged : The Waggoner, who was a young lusty Clown, seemed to take Pleasure in seeing them maul each other at that Rate, and drove on his Horses as if it had been nothing but a little Pastime. However we forced him to stop that we might part the Fray, and getting into the Waggon, were soon informed that all their Quarrel proceeded from the Man's having ask'd the Hermit, in a Banter, if he was come from visiting his Landlady, and the Hermit's having answered, upon his often repeating the Question, *who is she*, that she was his Wife. The Man being provoked at this Reply, had given him a Box on the Ear, which the Hermit returned by pulling him by the Hair; in Revenge whereof he plucked the Hermit by the Beard, and the Teeth and Nails had been employed on both Sides, whereof each of them carried terrible Marks.

Here-

Hereupon we asked the Waggoner, why he had not parted them sooner ;  
 ‘ Ads flesh, answered he, I took Care  
 ‘ not to trouble my Head with them ;  
 ‘ no, as the Proverb says, if every Man  
 ‘ minded his own Business, the Cows  
 ‘ would be better kept ; and as ano-  
 ‘ ther says, *Have a Care* is not dead.  
 ‘ I am not such a Fool to thrust my  
 ‘ Nose in where I have nothing to do ;  
 ‘ and besides, how do I know but this  
 ‘ good Father may speak the Truth ?  
 ‘ In that Case he would be in the  
 ‘ Right, and yet he would be in the  
 ‘ Wrong too, for all Truths are not  
 ‘ to be spoken at all Times. Gad-  
 ‘ zooks ! They might have drubbed  
 ‘ each other to some Purpose, before I  
 ‘ should have stirred an Inch to sepa-  
 ‘ rate them, since what has befallen  
 ‘ me.

As we took Pleasure in this Lub-  
 ber’s Jargon, that he might go on with  
 his Story, we asked him what had be-  
 fallen him ? You must know, said he,  
 ‘ that one Day, as great *Bastian* and  
 ‘ *Nicholas Degnian* were fighting toge-  
 ‘ ther, I ran to part them ; I had then  
 ‘ in my Hands a good oaken Towel  
 ‘ that might weigh about five Pounds.

As



‘ As they would not give over, I gave  
‘ each of them such a good Douce in  
‘ the Chaps with my Cudgel, that they  
‘ fell, the one one way, and the other  
‘ another. Gadzooks ! I had soon parted  
‘ them ; but now you shall hear the In-  
‘ justice that was done me ! By the Lord  
‘ *Harry* one of them happened to be  
‘ Chapfallen, and the other had a great  
‘ Crack in his Noddle. Hereupon they  
‘ went to Law with me, and made it  
‘ cost me above a Year’s Wages ; for  
‘ which Reason these two should have  
‘ throttled each other, before I would  
‘ have budg’d any more than a Church ;  
‘ *a burnt Child dreads the Fire*. One has  
‘ not always Money to feed the Law-  
‘ yers.

Whilst this Bumkin was thus rela-  
ting his Adventure we arrived at *Ville-  
Juif*, and the Waggon stopped just at  
the Beginning of the Town, at the Ba-  
ker’s House, to whom it belonged.  
Hereupon we all alighted there, and  
whilst the other Champion staid behind  
to speak with the Baker’s Wife, as be-  
ing probably an Acquaintance of her  
Husband’s, we walked to the other End  
of the Town, and desired the Hermit  
to go with us and drink a Glass of  
Wine.

Wine. The Woman of the Tavern seeing the poor Fryar in such a piteous Condition, said to him, alas! Father, what wicked Fellows have mauled you after this manner? 'Twas a Rascal, reply'd he, who, after giving me a thousand Abuses, has likewise given me a thousand Drubs. Hereupon the good charitable Woman upon his Account, sent for a Bottle of her best Wine to treat us, and bathed his Wounds herself with *Oxyerate* near the Fire. In the *Interim*, the very Man with whom the Hermit had fought, and who happened to be this very Woman's Husband, entered the Room just as his Wife was dressing the Fryar's Bruises and Scratches; whereupon remembering that he had told him that his Wife was his Laundress; How, you Jade, said he, is it true then that this Fryar is your Gallant, as he himself brags! There is no Room to doubt it any longer, since you have the Impudence to caress him in my own House. On saying this he laid hold of a great Cudgel to beat out both their Brains. Whereupon the Fryar ran away together with her, and they fled to a Neighbour's, whose Door they found open. A Ladder which happened to be  
ed

rais'd there against the Wall, to go up into a Cockloft, seem'd to invite them to retire thither ; accordingly they did so : In the mean while, the Vintner getting loose from us, pursued his Wife, and arrived at the Place just as the Fryar and she were drawing the Ladder up to secure themselves. This put him into a Rage beyond all Expression, to see them both in a Place where he imagined they might do as they thought fit without any Danger ; wherefore he said to the Hermit all that the most violent Rage and Jealousy could suggest. Upon this they ran to fetch the Parson of the Parish, whom they gave to understand that meer Chance had given Rise to all these Incidents ; during which we pursued our Journey, without troubling ourselves any farther what became of the Fryar, the Vintner, or his Wife.



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## The Third Forfeit.

**T**HE third Forfeit which was drawn was a Ring, which the Queen of the Play presented to an old Merchant, telling him that the Company expected he should entertain them in his Turn with something new, whereupon he began as follows.

### *The History of the Vinegar-Man.*

In the Street *de Baubourg* there lived a Vinegar Man, who was a pretty near Neighbour to a Treasurer of *France*, This Man had been very industrious in his younger Days, insomuch that he had amassed great Riches; and having no other Heirs but an only Son, he spared no Cost for his Education. This young Man having boarded in his Youth in a House with the Sons of several Persons of Quality, had assumed an Air and Manner

Manner much superior to his Birth ; and even carried his Ambition so far as to make Love to one of the Treasurer of *France's* Daughters, and flattered himself with the Hopes of being again beloved. And indeed, as he was a handsome Youth, and always well dress'd, *Mademoiselle Mariana*, (that was the fair One's Name) did not disdain his Addresses, neither did his Affiduity in paying his Respects to her go without Return.

I shall not enter here into a Detail of all the Stratagems to which they were obliged to have Recourse, or the Precautions they were forced to use to conceal their amorous Correspondence from all the Treasurer's Family. In short, it lasted almost a whole Year without any one's perceiving it ; but at length a *Governante* watched them so closely, that she discovered the Mystery, whereof she immediately informed her Master. At this News, which the Treasurer of *France* looked upon as an Affront, especially if it should happen to be known in the World that his Daughter had stooped so low as to have any Inclination for the Son of a Vinegar-Man, he carried his Daughter to a Nunnery in the Country.

Here-

Hereupon *Phillipot* (that was the young Vinegar Man's Name) soon having Information of his Mistress's being hurried away, was so greatly afflicted thereat, that he fell dangerously ill, and 'twas not without Reason that they were apprehensive of his dying: And Master *Jacques* his Father, who spared no Cost for the Recovery of a Son whom he loved tenderly, and would have given his whole Estate to have saved his Life, sent for several Physicians, who disputed very learnedly about this Distemper, the real Cause whereof none of them knew, though they did not fail to prescribe him a sufficient Number of Medicines, that at least he might dye according to Form.

But the Patient, who knew whence his Indisposition proceeded, told his Father that 'twas in vain to lavish away so much Money, because his Sicknes was of a Nature not to be removed by the Assistance of Physick, and Death alone could put an End to his Pain. His Father being afflicted hereat to the last Degree, said to him: My dear Child, since you know the Nature of your Distemper, declare it to me, and I promise, that tho' it should cost me all I have, I will procure the Remedy that is neces-

E

sary.



fary. He press'd him so much upon this Head, that at last, after having fetched a great Sigh, he answered him; Father, I am in Love, and my Heart is fixed upon a Person so much above me, that I despair of ever being able to obtain the Object of my Inclinations; this is the Reason of my Illness, and as I find it is without Remedy, by Reason of the Inequality of our Conditions, I had rather dye than live separated from the Beauty whom I adore.

The good Man being surprized at such a strange Resolution, asked him; what is it some Princess, or some Duke's Daughter, who has reduced you into this Condition? No, replied he, 'tis *Mademoiselle Mariana*, the Treasurer our Neighbour's youngest Daughter. What, says his Father, is that all, and will you give your self over to Despair? Take Care, Child, to recover, and I promise you shall have her for your Wife; I will go this Minute and propose it to her Father. This said, Master *Jagues* hastens to the Treasurer's, and demands to speak with him. They answer him, that he is very busy about Affairs of Consequence; no Matter, said he, I must speak with him immediately. Accordingly they went

went and told the Treasurer that Master *Jaques* the Vinegar Man desired Admittance. The Treasurer ordered him to be told to come another Time; but he insisted upon speaking to him that Instant, and added, go tell him I must absolutely see him forthwith, for a Man's Life is at Stake.

Upon this the Treasurer, to whom they immediately made this Report, fearing that some of his Relations or Friends were in Danger, ordered the Vinegar Man to be admitted; and as soon as he perceived him, asked 'What is it you want with me, Master *Jaques*? Sir, answered he, I am come to demand *Mademoiselle Mariana* your Daughter in Marriage. And for whom do you ask her, replied he? For my Son, added the Vinegar Man, who is in Danger of losing his Life if he does not obtain her.

'For your Son, cries the Treasurer in the greatest Astonishment imaginable! Do you know what you say, and to whom you are speaking, Master *Jaques*? Yes, Sir, continued he, no ways daunted, I know you are a great Lord, and that I am a Mechanick of the lowest Rank; but I am likewise ap-

‘ prized that you have a Number of  
‘ Children, and that if your Estate were  
‘ divided amongst them, they would  
‘ hardly have a Quarter of what I will  
‘ give my Son: Sixty Thousand Crowns  
‘ Sir, is a handsome Sum, and this Mo-  
‘ ney may enable the Lady whom I de-  
‘ mand, to live more at her Ease than  
‘ any of her Sisters. As for my Son, he  
‘ is a young Man, who has had a gen-  
‘ teel Education, is a good Scholar, and  
‘ qualified to be called to the Bar; so  
‘ that he may afterwards be advanced to  
‘ some eminent Employment in the Law;  
‘ for Money does all Things: Besides,  
‘ if he is not a Gentleman, and you re-  
‘ quire that Qualification in a Son-in-  
‘ law, I am ready to purchase him a Post  
‘ that will make him so. As to my  
‘ Profession, that need give you no Un-  
‘ easiness, nor be no Obstacle, since I  
‘ will quit it the Moment you have gi-  
‘ ven me your Consent, and live for the  
‘ future like a Merchant: Consider, Sir,  
‘ sixty Thousand Crowns in ready Mo-  
‘ ney, are not to be met with every  
‘ Day.

‘ And is it really true, Master *Jaques*,  
‘ said the Treasurer, that you are Master  
‘ of such a Sum? Yes, Sir, answered  
‘ he,

‘ he, and if you will grant me your  
 ‘ Daughter, I will deposit it with you  
 ‘ till the Conclusion of the Marriage:  
 ‘ Well, answered the Treasurer, I pro-  
 ‘ mise you her, let your Son make haste  
 ‘ and recover.’ At this Word the Vine-  
 gar Man having taken Leave of the  
 Treasurer, flew to his House, to tell his  
 Son the News, who from that Moment  
 grew better and better; upon which  
 Master *Jaques* putting a Barrel which he  
 had filled with Gold upon his Wheel-  
 barrow, drove it to the Treasurer’s, cry-  
 ing *Vinegar*.

The Treasurer was a Man of his  
 Word, and married his Daughter to the  
 Son of this Mustard-maker; and this  
 Son now makes a considerable Figure in  
 one of the Parliaments of *France*.

This short Story was very well recei-  
 ved, and the Bluntness of the Vinegar  
 Man mightily diverted the Company,  
 who were pleased to hear that a young  
 Man so well bred as Mr. *P*—— had  
 obtained his Desires, his fine Education  
 and Wit having qualified him to deserve  
 the Alliance of the Treasurer, and the  
 Post he then enjoyed.

The



## The Fourth FORFEIT.

**T**HE fourth Forfeit that was drawn was a Gold Snuff-Box, finely wrought, which was challenged by the Dancing-Master, who said, that it was a Present which had been made him six Months before by a young Count, who was one of his Friends, for a little Service he had done him. The Attorney did not let slip this Opportunity of rallying him. Mr. Colofane, said he, addressing himself to the Company, is the most obliging Person in the World; don't imagine that he confines his Talent to teaching all Sorts of Dances; when any one of his Scholars is forbid seeing her Lover, he sympathizes in her Affliction, and assists her with his Advice.

Mr.

Mr. *Coquinvill*e, answered the Dancing Master, finding that the Company were diverted with this Raillery, I might here with more Justice extol your beneficent Disposition; if you exercise your Profession like a Man who has no Morals, to make Amends, you put to a good Use the Money arising from thence; since you give every Year some Part of it to some fatherless Maiden.

The Company desired no better Sport than for the Attorney and Dancing Master to banter each other; but a Lady of a scrupulous Modesty, judging by this Prologue, that in the End they would not fail to say something too licentious, desired them to desist there, and begged Mr. *Colofane* to tell the Story which the Company expected from him, whereupon he began thus.

### *The* B A B Y.

I had on a certain Time, in the Street *de Betist*, a very pretty Scholar, whose Name was *Mademoiselle Brion*. Her Father and Mother were very reasonable People, but they allowed her so little Liberty, that she hardly saw any other Man



Man but me. I soon perceived that this Manner of living, under so much Constraint, was by no Means agreeable to her Humour; and whilst I was teaching her, she would give me such passionate Looks, that I could not help thinking it lay in my Power to alleviate her Misfortunes. The Curiosity of knowing whether I was not mistaken in her Sentiments, induced me, sooner than I should have done otherwise, to tell her that I loved her extremely; and her Vexation to find her self so constrained, made her, without farther Hesitation, take Advantage of this little Opportunity of revenging herself on her Tyrants.

Hereupon *Mademoiselle Brion* and I spent three Weeks in striving who should love each other most passionately; but at last, Fortune ceasing to be favourable to us, raised up a Rival who separated us. *Fadio*, the Son of a rich Merchant in *St. Dennis-street*, saw *Mademoiselle Brion*, and fell in Love with her. Hereupon he soon inquired into her Rank and Fortune, and caused her to be demanded in Marriage. Her Parents would not reject a Match which was entirely to her Advantage; but before the Affair was concluded, the Relations on both Sides judged

judged it proper that the Lover should visit his Mistress for some Months, that they might be accustomed to love each other, and that the Nuptials by this Means might be terminated under an happy Omen.

*Fadio* went then to see *Mademoiselle Brion*, who had no need to converse with him twice, to be convinced that he was one of the most stupid Wretches in *St. Dennis-street*; but as she was more impatient to be married than even *Fadio* himself, although he was likewise in a Hurry, she only laughed at his Follies. He returned thither again next Day, and did not seem a Jot wiser than before; wherefore I would sometimes intermix in their Conversations, and strove, by my Raillery, to render him yet more ridiculous in *Mademoiselle Brion's* Eyes than he was of himself.

In the mean while, the two Families met, and appointed the Day for their Marriage; and whilst Preparations were making for that Purpose, they took a younger Sister of *Mademoiselle Brion's* out of a Convent, where she had boarded for several Years, and desired me to teach her to dance. Her Name was *Finette*. I was charmed with the Vivacity of her Wit,

Wit, and the Gaiety of her Temper. She was not yet fifteen Years old; and although she had been brought up only amongst Nuns, she had such a good Notion of worldly Affairs, that I could never sufficiently admire her happy Genius: Accordingly she conceived an Aversion against *Fadio*, which increased every Time she saw him.

At last the Wedding-Day arrived, and of all those who were invited, I was the only one who did not go. I sent Word to *Mademoiselle Brion's* Father that I was indisposed, which I did to induce her to believe that I could not resolve to see my Rival's Triumph. *Fadio*, who loved to do Things after a singular Manner, took an Almanack on the Wedding-Night before *Finette*, to set down the Date of that happy Day. His Thought did not escape *Finette's* Penetration, and she immediately resolved to play him a Trick to punish his Vanity.

Four Days afterwards I went to visit *Mademoiselle Brion*, who asked me why I did not come to her Wedding, whereupon I answered, as you may believe, that to be the Witness of a Rival's Triumph was an insupportable Torment to a Lover, who was so delicate in such  
Mat-

Matters as I. She laughed at my Nicety, and gave me to understand, that instead of afflicting my self at her Marriage, I ought to rejoice.

In the mean while *Fadio*, who, as great a Fool as he was, had the Wit till then to conceal one very ugly Quality wherewith he was infected, would no longer take the Trouble to constrain himself; and we soon discovered, that besides his being the most stupid Wretch in the World, he was likewise the most jealous Husband in the Creation. I foresaw from that Moment what came afterwards to pass. He enjoined his Wife no longer to keep me Company, and told her that he would have us both so narrowly watched, that all the Precautions we should take to have secret Interviews, should be to no Purpose.

She apprized me hercof the first time I saw her afterwards, and I took the best Resolution I could in this Affair, which was rather to break off all Manner of Correspondence with *Mademoiselle Brion*, than expose my self any more to her Husband's ill Humours. Hereupon *Finnette*, who was no Stranger to *Fadio's* Jealousy, and who, as I've already observed,

served, had resolved to play him a Trick, affected to say one Day in his Presence to *Mademoiselle Brion*; Aha! Sister, how majestick your Shape grows? You have made good Haste, and gone a long Journey in a short Time. This was enough for *Fadio* to suspect he had not been in the Wrong to forbid me his House, and no doubt he repented his not having done it sooner.

In the mean time, *Finette* impatiently waited an Opportunity to execute her Design, when Chance laid one in her Way. One Evening when *Fadio* supped abroad, she caused a Wax-Baby to be wrapt in swaddling Cloaths, and took all the Measures necessary to impose on her Brother-in-law, whom she knew to be a Man likely to fall into any Snare whatever. 'Twas something late when he returned; and *Finette* running her self to open him the Door, said to him: *Pray Brother, don't make the least Noise, for my Sister is very sick. Ha! What ails her,* cried *Fadio* brutishly? *Since you must be told,* answered *Finette*, *she is just delivered of a chopping Boy. What the Devil delivered,* replied *Fadio*! *It is but four Months since we were married. I see it surprizes you,* continued *Finette*, and so it has

has all of us; but the Surprise is agreeable, come and kiss your Son; 'tis a fine Child.

The Suspicions *Fadio* had heretofore, having disposed him sufficiently to believe what *Finette* said, he entered into a Parlour, where they had kindled a Fire, and where a Servant held the Baby upon her Knees, very handsomly dress'd in swaddling Cloaths. This Sight fully confirmed him in his Opinion, that his Wife's Conduct before Marriage, had not been irreproachable. He flew into a furious Passion, and immediately ordered his Footman, *Champagne*, to take the Infant, and follow him; which said, he flew like Lightning, with Design, as he swore, to carry it to his Wife's Father's. *Champagne*, who was instructed how to behave himself, made a Sign to *Finette* not to trouble herself about the rest; and indeed the Baby could not be in better Hands: *Champagne* was the most malicious Rogue of a Footman in the Kingdom, and had often changed his Masters, because he served them after such a Manner, that a good drubbing was often the least Reward he deserved.

He was considering, as he followed *Fadio*, what he should do to render this

F

Adventure



Adventure yet more comical, when he discovered the Watch going their Rounds. Hereupon he immediately began to counterfeit the Cry of a new born Infant, at which the Watch ran to them, and seized our two Gentry: *Where are you going so late with this Child, said the Man who commanded the Watch? Let us proceed on our Way, answered Champagne; we have no Time to lose, the Child which I have in my Arms, not being legitimate, we are going to rid ourselves of it. And we, cried one of the Watchmen, will provide you a Lodging for to Night.*

At this Threat *Campagne* made as if he cried, and *Fadio* seeming disturbed and confounded, the Watch did not doubt but they were guilty, and would have carried them to Prison. Wherefore *Fadio* to extricate himself from this Perplexity, thought the best Thing he could do was to come to an Expostulation with the Watch; hereupon, Gentlemen, said he, my Wife is just brought to Bed of this Child; I know very well I am no more its Father than the *Great Turk*, and that it owes its Birth to a certain dancing Master, whom I wish I could see broken alive upon the Wheel. I am going to make a pretty Uproar at my  
Wife's

Wife's Father's, I will have him take the Child, let him do with it as he pleases; and I don't know what hinders me from sending him likewise the Jade his Daughter.

The Archers were ready to burst with laughing at *Fadio's* Discourse, but the Trouble they were in to know whether he had told the Truth, prevented them, Whereupon the Constable, who was half drunk, and smoaking a Pipe of Tobacco, made him this Answer, interrupted with Hiccoughs: *We are satisfied, Sir, that this Child was got without your Assistance; but who can assure us that you don't intend to lay it at the Door of the dancing Master in Question?* Here *Fadio* interrupted the Constable, to swear that was not his Design. Very well, be it so, answered the Constable, pulling out his Pipe, and putting it again into his Mouth every three Words: *You pretend then to force your Wife's Father to take Care of the Child? This is an Act of Violence, as you know; besides which, you will not fail to make a Noise, which will alarm the whole Neighbourhood, which we can't in Conscience suffer: We are set, we Constables, to prevent all Acts of Violence, and secure the rest of the Citizens: Wherefore,*

*Sir, you shall take the Pains, if you please, to pass the Night either at the Chatelet, or at Fort L'Eveque; I leave you to chuse either of these Prisons, for I am a very honest Man; to Morrow you shall be examined, and I wish you may disengage yourself well from this Affair.*

*Fadio*, in Spight of his Innocence, would, perhaps, have passed the rest of the Night at the *Chatelet*, if luckily for him, that Moment, he had not remembered that he had heard that the Watch have not the Character of being Proof against Bribery. Wherefore he took the Constable aside, and had not the Trouble to ask him twice to receive a *Louis d'Or*, which he gave him. The Constable put it secretly into his Pocket, and pretending to have heard something which justified *Fadio* entirely, said to him aloud before the Watch: *Ab, Sir, that is another Matter, why did you not tell us this at first? You may go where you please.*

After this *Fadio* and his Footman were going to pursue their Journey, when a Watchman, through Curiosity, went up to *Champagne* to see the Child, by the Help of a dark Lanthorn. *Champagne* made a little Resistance; but at last the Watchman having observed that the  
Face

Face was Wax, burst into such a Fit of Laughter, that the other Watchmen, the Constable, and *Fadio* himself would know the Reason of so much Mirth. Then *Champagne* uncovered the Baby, and bursting into a loud Laughter, excited such a Desire in all the Company to do the same, that they went away holding their Sides.

*Fadio* was the only one who did not laugh, he was so much ashamed, and enraged at having been thus imposed on, that he was going to beat *Champagne*, but the Footman ran away, and carried off the Baby for his Wages. Upon this *Fadio* returned home undeceived as to the Labour, but in a violent Fury. Next Day *Finette* told this Adventure to the whole Family, who rallied *Fadio* at such a Rate, that he became more reasonable for the Future.

This Story of the dancing Master's was thought very diverting; but the Company could hardly believe that there was a Man in the World so stupid as *Fadio*, must necessarily be to fall into such a Snare.

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## The Fifth FORFEIT.

**T**HE next Forfeit that was drawn belonging to an old Gentleman, who to redeem it told the following Story.

### *All Covet, all Lose.*

There was formerly a Counsellor of my Acquaintance, named *M. Simon*, who had amass'd a great Estate by giving Opinions, which seldom proved much to the Satisfaction of his Clients. He was a Widower, and had already entered into his sixtieth Year, when he began to consider that *Mademoiselle Theresa*, his only Daughter, who was above twenty six, was yet to be married. She had often given him an Opportunity to perceive that a Husband would be much more agreeable to her than a Mother in-Law ; wherefore he resolved to dispose of her to *M. De Bas* a young Counsellor, for whom she seemed to have an Inclination, and who likewise seemed very much smitten with her.

Things

Things were in this Posture, when a young Gentleman of Orleans, whose Name was *La Moriniere*, came to board at *M. Simon's*, with Design, as he pretended to him, to gain an Insight into Business; but the first Time he had any Opportunity of speaking without Witness to *Mademoiselle Theresa*, he declared to her that he had only sought Admission into her Father's, that he might the more conveniently give her Proofs of the Passion he had long felt for her. Hereupon *Theresa*, who was very inconsiderate, gave *La Moriniere* plainly enough to understand, that if he justified his Words by his Actions, he should not be deceived in his Project. *La Moriniere* was a very deserving young Gentleman, who loved her sincerely, and strove in Earnest to please her; wherefore I leave you to judge how he played his Cards during a Fortnight. In short, he acted his Part so well, that he prevailed on *Mademoiselle Theresa*, to consent to a clandestine Marriage which he had proposed to her.

After this Wedding, they no longer took the Trouble to constrain themselves; and it was not difficult to observe, that there was something very particular between



tween them. *M. De Bas* met with a very cold Reception, the Cause whereof he imagined he had so rightly discovered, that he gave over his Pretentions, and retired, with a Resolution never more to set Foot within the Doors of his fickle Mistress. He would not even so much as complain to *M. Simon*, that he might the better persuade him he despised her.

In the mean Time *M. Simon* was so much taken up with Affairs abroad, that he did not perceive how Matters went at home. *M. De Bas* absenting himself from his House was the first Incident which opened his Eyes; after which he watched his Daughter and his Boarder so effectually, that he soon found it was not without Reason, that *M. De Bas* no longer continued his Visits. He had already resolved upon desiring *La Moriniere* to seek out for another Counsellor to instruct him in his Business, when *La Moriniere* prevented him, and left his House, to put in Execution the Design he had formed of going to *Orleans*, and prevailing on his Family to approve of his Alliance with *M. Simon*.

On the other Hand, *Theresa*, two Days after *La Moriniere's* Departure, according to the Measures she had concerted

ted with him, communicated the Secret of her Marriage to an Attorney's Widow, who was her Relation, charging her to acquaint her Father therewith, and begging her to use all her Eloquence to obtain his Pardon, for a Fault which she should not have committed, had she not feared he would have preferred *M. De Bas* to *La Moriniere*. In the mean while *Theresa* staid at her Relation's, expecting the Issue of this Affair, because she was apprehensive of being ill used by her Father, who was something brutal.

Imagine, if you can, the Surprize of *M. Simon* on hearing this News; whatever the Attorney's Widow could say to him in *Theresa's* Behalf, he swore he would never see her; and that to punish her for having married without his Consent, he would himself take to Wife a Girl of Fifteen, and make her Fortune. Accordingly, in a short Time he proceeded from Words to Actions; and having found without any Difficulty a Girl without any Money, he made her a very advantageous Settlement.

This Wedding mortified *Mademoiselle Theresa* strangely; insomuch, that being chagrined at not hearing any News from *La Moriniere*, she one Morning set out  
in

in the Stage-Coach for Orleans. No sooner did she arrive there, than she was informed that *La Moriniere* was shut up in a Castle, where he was never suffered to stir out of Sight, till his Parents had got his Marriage declared null.

Amongst the Persons who went from *Paris* to *Orleans* in the same Coach was a Physician, to whom *Mademoiselle Theresa* did not seem disagreeable. No sooner did he find that she was the Person from whom *La Moriniere's* Family endeavoured to obtain a Divorce, but he generously offered her his Purse, and his Service, to maintain the Validity of her Marriage. I am not certain what *Theresa* might have done in the Height of her Vexation, at finding herself despised by her Husband's Relations; but the Physician's Generosity proved a seasonable Lenitive, which hindered her from taking any violent Resolutions. They spent the first Day in cursing the Fantasticalness of *La Moriniere's* Family; the second in concerting Measures, how to extricate her honourably from this Affair; and on the third they began to live together, after such a Manner as gave the Doctor Reason to hope he should be her second Husband. In short, never did

*Alaciel.*

*Alaciel* forget *Hispal* sooner than *Theresa* did *La Moriniere*.

The Physician who had a Mind to espouse *Theresa*, because he fancied she would be vastly rich after the Death of her Father, of whose Wedding she had not informed him, was apprehensive of her Marriage with *La Moriniere's* being confirmed; and he was a Man who would not scruple employing his Friends underhand, to have it pronounced void, instead of soliciting to have its Validity approved, as he had promised.

On the other Hand *Theresa*, imagining she had found more in the Doctor, than she had lost in *La Moriniere*, would willingly have consented to the invalidating her Marriage, if her Reputation and Honour had not required her asserting her Right. The Physician had Penetration enough not to question its being declared null; but judging of *Theresa's* Inconstancy by the Father, wherewith he had himself obtained her, he resolved to know upon what he might depend, and make her give him a Bond for the Forfeiture of twenty Thousand Livres, in Case she did not marry him.

Having this Security in his Hands, he determined to go to *La Moriniere's* Relations,

lations, and propose their coming to an Agreement with *Theresa*, being persuaded that they would freely give five or six hundred Pistoles to avoid being allied to *M. Simon*. 'Twas in Effect the best and most ready Expedient for the Doctor to obtain speedily his Desires; but by the most vexatious Disappointment in the World, on that very Day, when he was to have met *La Moriniere's* Family, he was seized at *Orleans*, and sent to Prison: His Accusation was having hastened the Death of one of his Patients, to curry Favour with his Heirs.

*Mademoiselle Theresa* had like to have run distracted, upon hearing the News of the Doctor's Imprisonment; and she let the World see, by a Flood of Tears, how greatly she was concerned at his Misfortune: But when she was informed that his Confinement was for a Capital Crime, very much doubting that he would not obtain his Liberty very soon, she took the Resolution to leave a Town where she had met with so much Afflictions. Her Design was Judicious enough; for besides her Lodging in an Inn, which was by no Means decent in a Person of her Sex, they began to rally her very scurvily upon the Doctor's Account: Wherefore she returned to *Paris*. On

On her Arrival there, she was acquainted that her Father, who had been dead some Days, had disinherited her before his Decease; which important News made her for some Time forget the Physician; she bent all her Thoughts then upon consulting able Lawyers, what Course she should take to recover her Inheritance; but on the other Hand, her Mother-in-Law concerted her Measures so well to prevent her, that *Mademoiselle Theresa* began to be out of Patience. At last, after infinite Tricks, they offered her half her Father's Estate; provided she would marry her Mother-in-Law's Brother, who was a little Pettifogger, and as poor as ugly. However *Theresa* was so weary of Law-Suits, that she gave Ear to the Proposal.

During these Transactions *M. De Bas* again saw *Mademoiselle Theresa*. He had often repented having quitted the Field to *La Moriniere*, and whether he was not naturally very nice in such Affairs, or whether the Love of Riches got the better of his Delicacy, he told her he could not behold her again without feeling the Return of a Passion, which had never been well extinguished: He added that he would espouse her Cause, and that if

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she



She would promise to wed him, he knew an infallible Way to recover all *M. Simon's* Effects. An Offer so advantageous was very agreeable to *Mademoiselle Theresa*; who reflecting that her Father had designed *M. De Bas* for her Husband, whom she had not always hated, determined herself at last in his Favour, through some remains of Duty to her deceased Parent.

Hereupon *M. De Bas*, who knew how to give a good Turn to a bad Cause, was fortunate enough to succeed in this; but just as he expected to see his Services rewarded, the Physician, who had justified himself of the Crime whereof he was accused, took a Journey to *Paris*, where finding *Mademoiselle Theresa* in Possession of an agreeable and substantial Fortune, he became more in Love with her than ever.

The Pretensions of these two Rivals were equally founded upon *Theresa's* Promises; the Counsellor begged her to remember that he was the first in Date, and the Doctor, by Virtue of his Bond, pressed her to declare for him. She loved them both equally, and if the Fear of paying the Bond made her incline towards the one, what the other had done for

for her, and the Ingratitude there would be not to reward his Services, prevented her determining. In short, she was in a terrible Perplexity, not knowing what Resolution to take, when *La Moriniere's* arriving at *Paris* brought all the Parties to an agreement. He had just buried his Father, whose Death left him at his Liberty, and Master of his Estate; and he intended to have got his Marriage confirmed.

*Theresa* felt within herself at the Sight of him, that agreeable Disorder, where-with Lovers find themselves agitated, when contrary to their Expectation, they again behold the Object of their Love.

On one Hand he related to her the Troubles he had suffered during his Confinement, and assured her he still loved her infinitely; whilst *Theresa*, on the other, gave him an Account of her Father's Death, with all the Consequences that had happened since their parting, except the Bond given to the Physician, and her Engagement with *M. De Bas*. This however could not long remain a Secret, because the Counsellor and the Doctor visited her assiduously.

Accordingly *La Moriniere* being one Day with her when they came in, would

know why she received their Visits. The Colour which overspread *Theresa's* Face making him sensible that this unforeseen Question very much perplexed her, it increased his Impatience to be satisfied of a Thing wherein he began to suspect himself concerned. Hereupon the Counsellor and the Doctor having explained to him in a few Words, the Reasons they had to visit her so often, he was so much surprized, and at the same Time so exasperated with Anger, that he was within a little of venting his Rage upon the Looking-Glasses and China. But considering that it would be better to revenge himself otherways upon his Mistress, he dissembled his Resentment, and declared to his Rivals, that if some Formalities were wanting to compleat his Marriage, he was fully resolved to take Order about it.

Hereupon the Counsellor, whom this Declaration deprived of all Hopes, went out, and quitted *Theresa* for the second Time, without vouchsafing to make her so much as the least Reproach. But the Physician not being willing to let her come off so cheap, said a Thousand disobliging Things to her: Here, added he, with a scornful Air, here is the Bond  
you

you gave to me; I restore it you, because if I should sue for it, I must proclaim the Favours you have granted me; and the World knows they are of such a Value, that instead of doing me any Honour, they may prove a Prejudice to my Fortune.

*La Moriniere* being thus left alone with *Theresa*, said to her coldly, 'Madam, after what I have heard, you may well judge that you must no longer think of entering into my Family: Take my Advice, continued he going out, let us part by Consent without Noise; and if you have still any small Remains of Reason and Virtue, shut yourself up in a Convent'. Accordingly *Theresa* was so sensibly touched with what *La Moriniere* had said, that despairing ever to regain his Esteem, she did retire into a Nunnery, to which she gave best Part of her Estate, and where she spent the rest of her Days in Repentance.

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## The Sixth Forfeit.

A Watch being drawn for the sixth, was claimed by a Colonel, who to redeem it told the following Story.

### *The History of the fair Landlady at Nans.*

A Lady of my Acquaintance being continually troubled with a Pain in her Head, which the Physicians at *Paris* increased by their Medicines, I advised her to go to *Chaudray*, whither I offered to bear her Company. Accordingly she accepted my Offer; we set out, and being arrived at *Nans*, ordered something to be got ready for Supper. The Landlady, whom I attentively eyed, seeming to me very agreable, I made her a great many obliging Compliments; and she took so much Pleasure in hearing herself praised, that she could not forbear confessing, that she really believed herself as much to be valued

valued as another. Having asked her if she was not married, she answered, that she had been a Widow above a Year. Well then, said I, don't you think of trying another Husband? I have thought upon it, replied she, more than once, but I can't easily bring myself to resolve upon running that Hazard. As she was naturally pretty talkative, she was very glad to find any Persons so well disposed to hear her; so we had no Need to ask her twice to relate the History of her Life, for she took a Chair, and began as follows, whilst we were at Supper.

There lived near *Orleans* a Nobleman called the Marquis de *S. Albe*, who having no Inclination to the Wars, spent his Days in hunting, entertaining his Friends, and beating his Vassals. He was a Widower, and had no other Children but one Daughter, who although a great Beauty, and endued with abundance of Wit, was of so capricious and unequal a Temper, that what seemed agreeable to her in the Morning, would be quite the reverse with her in the Evening. I waited upon her as her Woman, and thought myself so unfortunate in being in her Service, that I underhand pressed all my Friends to find me out another Mistress; but



but whether there were none better tempered in those Parts, or that they could not meet with them, I was forced to have Patience, and accustom myself to be cuff-ed every Day. The Marquis de St. Albe, who was no Stranger to his Daughter's Humours, pitied my Condition, and did all that lay in his Power to mitigate the Vexations I received from her, and I must own that the Father's Goodness, enabled me very much to bear with the Daughter's ill Usage. About that Time a Nobleman of *Beausse*, named the Baron de Rumignac, who was a Friend of the Marquis de St. Albe's, came to visit him at his Seat, with Design to partake with him of the Diversions of the Place. During three Days, these two Gentlemen spent their Time in hunting; but on the fourth my Mistress having inspired the Baron with a Passion for a nobler Game, he gave over the Pursuit of Hares and Partridges, and bent all his Thoughts upon making himself Master of his new Quarry. As he was young, handsome, well shap'd, witty, and rich, he soon imagined that he was not disagreeable to her, wherefore as his Affairs in *Beausse* would not allow him to stay there any longer, he discovered his Sentiments to  
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the Marquis, and demanded his Daughter in Marriage. The Marquis for particular Reasons, did not think proper to refuse him; and my Mistress not opposing the Baron's Design, the Nuptials were soon concluded and solemnized. On the wedding Night, the Baron going into the Bridal Chamber, where the Nuptial Bed was prepared, was very much surprized to see the Baroness in an Elbow Chair, with all her Cloaths yet on; he imagined that through a Piece of Gallantry she had reserved the Pleasure of undressing her for him. With this Thought he approached her, and was preparing to pull off her Garters; but he met with a Resistance which threw him into a fresh Astonishment; and fancying that she used him thus only through Ceremony, he fell at her Feet, and spoke to her very Christian like of his Rights; whereupon she made him an Answer which surprized him strangely, and which the most credulous Posterity will hardly believe. 'Twas as follows:

*I know, Sir, that you have some Rights over my Person, which my Modesty is not a sufficient Bar to refuse you; but nevertheless, one Reason prevents my submitting to my Duty, which is, because I don't love you.*

*I believe you too delicate upon this Head, to desire me to obey you contrary to the Dictates of my Heart; I own notwithstanding that I have no Aversion to you, since I testified no Reluctancy to the giving you my Hand. Combat then my Indifference with a tender and submissive Behaviour, and endeavour to inspire me with such Sentiments, as may satisfy both the one and the other; when you have gained your Point, I will not conceal it from you. Don't offer to come plain to my Father of the Singularity of my Sentiments; by striving to force me to love you, he will oblige me to hate you; and his Authority being employed unreasonably, will for ever alienate from each other two Hearts, which your Respect and Complaisance may one Day unite.*

The Baron finding there was no other Remedy but submitting to this Whim, promised to wait as long as possible for the blessed Moment; and Continency was a Virtue, which he was obliged to put in Practice much against his Will. However he begged her to undress her, vowing not to form any Attempt against her Niceness. Hereupon she went to Bed upon the Security of his Oaths; and the Baron, without offering to violate them, spent the Night upon a Couch, in making

making a thousand Reflections, which I leave you to imagine. A Week after this Wedding, he carried his Mistress to his Seat, where we no sooner arrived, but he left no Stone unturned to move the Baroness. He sighed, and he wept; and when he found his Sighs and Tears despised, he behaved like a resolute Lover, and encountered his Wife's Indifference with such passionate Efforts, that I could not conceive why he could not surmount it. At last being weary of desiring a Thing, which she seemed resolved not to grant, he began from that Time to live with her as he would have done, had he obtained it the first Night, that is to say, his Behaviour to the Baroness was very civil and respectful, but very cold. She received him never the worse on that Account, but I perceived that she began to be more difficult to be pleased; and foresaw that if the Baron did not grow more gallant, I should be obliged to quit his House. In Effect she was so enraged to find her Husband no longer a passionate Lover, that all the Servants in the Family suffered by it: As for my Part, I received every Day a hundred Cuffs; sometimes 'twas for answering a Question which she had forgot she had asked, telling

ling me I was very insolent to speak in her Presence; and at other Times for bringing a Thing she had called for, instead of another she had never mentioned, as if when she asked for her Muff, I ought to have known she meant her Busk.

I no longer did any Thing but cry, and curse my wretched Condition, when the Baron, being moved with my Vexations, assured me that he was sincerely concerned at seeing me so ill used; and in short, after the Marquis *de St. Albe's* Example, offered me his Friendship, to comfort me for the ill Treatment I met with from my Mistress. I had too much Need of Consolation, to refuse that which was offered me; but the Baroness perceiving her Husband's Compassion for me, looked upon me as the Cause of his Coldness to her, and used me yet worse than before. However the Baron's Love which I found increase, in Proportion to his Spouse's tormenting me, rendered me almost insensible of her ill Usage. In the mean while, although she was extremely haughty, she could not forbear reproaching her Husband with his cold Behaviour, and what she imagined was the Cause thereof. I am not certain what  
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the Baron said to her to excuse himself; but I know very well, that he took his Advantage of this Juncture like an able Man, since Jealousy made him obtain what had been refused, to his earnest Intreaties and Tears. In the Conversations I had with him afterwards, he would have made a Mystery to me of the Consummation of his Marriage; but I had Wit enough to perceive it. The Baron finding his Wife conformable to her Duty, could not dispense with himself from doing the same; wherefore he reassumed his tender and passionate Behaviour, and the Baroness, as if by Miracle, became a little less Difficult: However he was not so much devoted to her, but he took Care from Time to Time to assure me that he could not forget me. She had too much Penetration not to observe in the End that I was her Rival; accordingly thinking herself too much offended thereby, to neglect punishing me, she dismissed me her Service. The Baron endeavoured to pacify her Mind, and persuade her that her Suspicions were unjust; but she had examined his Actions too narrowly, to give Credit to his Words. He then found himself in a great Perplexity; for if on one Hand he

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durst not displease her, he would not on the other abandon me to my evil Destiny, after having sworn a hundred Times that he would take Care of my Fortune. However, he found an Expedient to satisfy his Lady, and acquit himself of the little Obligations he had to me. This was to marry me as soon as possible to his *Valet de Chambre*, who looked upon me as the best Recompence his Master could make for his Services. Two Days after our Nuptials the Baron presented me with a thousand Crowns, gave my Husband a hundred Pistoles, besides his Wages, and besides lent us a Chaise to carry us to *Paris*, which was the Place where we designed to improve our Money. I wept abundantly on leaving such a good Master, who for his Part seemed to me very heartily afflicted. As for my Mistress, she saw me depart with a Joy, which any other Woman in her Place would have felt as well as she.

As soon as I found myself out of Sight of the House, I thought proper to constrain myself before my Husband, and left off crying, that he might think the Tears he had seen me shed, were only the Effects of a good Temper; however in Spite of all I could do, I fell into a  
deep

deep Melancholy. He told me a thousand pleasant Stories to dispel it, related several Adventures that had happened in the City of *Chartres*, where he was born, and even sung me some Ballads that were made thereupon. He did not want Wit, and was so merry, that the Way did not seem tedious to me; I will even confess to you that 'twas not long before I forgot the Baron, either through Levity, or through a Sense of my Duty. My Husband had an Inclination to set up a Lemonade-House, which I did not oppose, for I did not dislike the Business. We hired then a handsome Shop in the Street *St. Honore*; I knew how to make excellent *Ratafia*, and other rich Drams, but being informed that if I made them so good, I should not find my Account in the Sale of them, we were obliged to follow the Example of others. We bought Coffee and Chocolate, abundance of Water, and a few Lemons; in short we hung out our Sign. We gained considerably the first Year, because that abundance of Company, as they returned from taking the Air, frequented our House, and spent the Nights in Gaming: But the Civil Magistrates not approving hereof, enjoined us not to entertain any Company

at Night. This Prohibition chagrined us, that finding ourselves reduced to the selling of some few Dishes of Coffee, and that only in the Day, we left off the Trade.

About this Time the Physician of *Chaudray* began to make a Noise in the World, and as his Reputation increased every Hour, we resolved to come to *Mans*, and set up an Inn. This Resolution was executed with such Speed, that in less than a Month our Rooms were furnished, and our Cellars full of Wine. We soon perceived that we had not done ill in quitting *Paris*; for the Report of the Physician of *Chaudray*'s great Cures being spread over every Province, so many Persons came to consult him, that all the Inns in *Mans* were scarce sufficient to entertain them. The Innkeepers did not then envy each other, because they all carried on their Affairs very well: But alas! in this blessed Time my Husband fell sick. I did not indeed much afflict myself at his Illness, which was nothing but a continual Fever, accompanied with a perpetual Rheum; because I was persuaded that as soon as he should have consulted the Physician of *Chaudray*, he would be entirely cured. However, when I found  
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he could do no longer without Assistance, I went to the Doctor, to inform him of this Distemper, and he gave me a Bottle of Syrup, which indeed did not operate roughly like chymical Potions, but however it did my Husbands Business effectually, and dispatched him with abundance of Ease.

The Landlady being interrupted here by a Servant, who came to tell her that she was wanted in the Kitchen, took her Leave, which deprived us of the Pleasure of hearing the Sequel of her Adventures.

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## The Seventh Forfeit.

**T**HE next Forfeit that was drawn was a wrought Purse, which was immediately claimed by a young Lady of the Company, who having had Leisure to prepare her Payment, began after the Manner following.

### *The History of Mademoiselle Ch—, the Count de Bluteau, and the Chevalier de T—*

I was bred up at my Father's, together with my younger Sister, over whom if I had any Advantage in Years, she had it so infinitely made up to her in Beauty, that it prevented my having so many Lovers, as I might perhaps have had, if I had been alone. She had only need to appear, and immediately the few Charms whereof I was Mistress were forgotten; indeed it was impossible to see her, and not to love her: And although her Heart was very little inclined to Sensibility,

bility, she had nevertheless such irresistible and persuasive Eyes, that she gained a Conquest over as many as beheld them. Among this Crowd of Adorers, was a Nobleman called the Count *de Bluteau*, who knew so well how to manage my Father, that he had free Permission to visit us every Day. As he was rich, he would have found no Trouble in obtaining my Sister for his Wife, if he had met with no more Difficulty in gaining her Heart, than he had in getting an Ascendant over my Father's Temper; which made him looked upon by all his Rivals as a declared Lover, with whose Pretensions no one durst venture to interfere.

He had assumed a certain Air of Authority over us, which was by no Means agreeable to us; but as he had my Father's Ear, 'twas our Business to be quiet, and we regarded him as one of those Censors, with whom one must keep Measures, in order to obtain more Ease and Liberty.

This fine Gallant was always entertaining his Mistress with the Care which a Wife ought to take of her Family. This was not the Way to gain his Charmer's Heart; however she was obliged to give him the Hearing, that she might not disoblige my Father, who was ravished with his Lectures.



I shall not relate to you all the Imper-  
tinencies which he said to her, that I may  
inform you that my Sister and I having  
heard talk of the Fair at *Bezons*, which  
had been described to us like a little *Vene-  
tian* Carnival, formed a Design of going  
to that Festival. Accordingly we desired  
the Count *de Bluteau* to conduct us thi-  
ther, and he had no Trouble in obtain-  
ing Leave for us of my Father, who had  
all the Complaisance imaginable for him.

We went then to *Bezons*, and never  
was there a finer Day in Autumn, which  
had drawn thither a vast deal of Compa-  
ny; all the young Nobility of the Court  
were there in Masks, and danced a Ball  
upon one of the Greens in that City.  
The King's twenty four Violins had been  
sent for; and we saw with Pleasure the  
finest dancing in *France*. We had not  
been there long before my Sister had a  
Mind to be going, because she perceived  
that a great many Persons there had fixed  
their Eyes upon her, and shewed her to  
one another, as by Way of Admiration.  
We were just upon the Point of depart-  
ing, when a Gentleman in a red Cloak,  
and mask'd, came and took her out to  
Dance, which she did with such a Grace,  
that she attracted a fresh the Eyes of the  
whole

whole Assembly. After this she took out a Mask in a Peasant's Habit, who shewed by a Pair of pearl coloured Silk Stockings, suited to the finest shaped Legs that could be seen, that his Taste was as delicate as his Dress seemed rustick; and the Pearls which served as Buttons to a Waistcoat of red Sattin, with the Diamonds that sparkled all over him, sufficiently convinced us that he was a Person of Quality. He afterwards took me out, and when we had danced, went and placed himself by my Sister, which did not please the Count *de Bluteau*. But as they came to take him out in his Turn, the masked Peasant had both more Leisure, and more Liberty to entertain my Sister. He certainly said some very tender Things to her, since she was really moved therewith; and one may say that this was the first Time that her Heart became sensible of Love's soft Passion. She would not have hearkened to him so favourably, if she had not been willing to make her Advantages of the little Time that was left her by the Count *de Bluteau*'s Absence. On the other Hand, the Mask, for his Part, spoke to her with so much Ardour, that making her a Protestation, he said to her, Upon the Word

Word of a *Chevalier*, *Mademoiselle*, my Heart feels those Emotions for you, which it never yet felt for the greatest Beauties at the Court. It was easy to apprehend by this Discourse that he was a \* *Chevalier*.

The Count *de Bluteau* having danced, came and planted himself by my Sister; and the *Chevalier* went to join his Company. They came again and took out the Count to dance, and the *Chevalier* returned to us, and withdrew when the other had done dancing. This little Management continued for some Time, in-somuch that the Count *de Bluteau* danced seven or eight times together. He imagined at first that 'twas for his own Merit he was taken out so often; but in the End he perceived that it was only to remove him from my Sister, and give the *Chevalier* an Opportunity of discoursing with her. Being vex'd to be thus made their Sport and Property, he came up to

\* Though the Word *Chevalier* in French answers to the *English* Word Knight, it must not be imagined that hereby is meant only Knights, Bachelors, but Knights of nobler Orders, as Knights of the holy Ghost, and of *Malta*, into which Orders, none but Persons of the best Quality are admitted.

us roughly, and said, Come Ladies, let us go; are you not tired of being here. Upon this he pull'd my Sister rudely by the Arm, and constrain'd us to obey him, whatever Inclination we had not to be going so soon. Hereupon the *Chevalier* said to him; Nay, for God's sake, Sir, let the young Ladies divert themselves, it is not late as yet. 'Sdeath, reply'd he, being nettled, do you mind your own Business. The *Chevalier* being incensed at this Rudeness, answered him, What an Insolence is this! If I had not so much Respect for the Ladies as I have, I wou'd teach you better Manners, you paltry Cit. The other being provok'd at the Word *Cit*, was going to reply, and perhaps without respecting any one, would have suffer'd himself to have been transported to some Excess, if my Sister and I had not prevented him. We carried him off, and returned to *Paris*: And upon the Road this brutal Wretch behav'd himself to us after the most scurvy Manner that a Man cou'd; upon which my Sister and I mutually interchanged Looks with each other, being very much vex'd to see our selves Captives, (if I may use that Expression) and under the Discipline of a Man of so little Complaisance.

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He could not even constrain himself so much, but that my Father soon discovered that he was ruffled. We were inform'd two Days after, that he had been mortally wounded by the *Chevalier de T——*, who was the very same who had call'd him Cit, whereat he had been so much offended, that he had been to wait for him upon the Road to *St. Germain's*, where they had fought Sword and Pistol. As it was reported that it was a Duel, both the one and the other were forced to conceal themselves. The Count *de Bluteau* was carried to an able Surgeon, and the *Chevalier* had made his Escape, without its being known what Road he had taken.

My Father having heard that it was upon our Accounts they had fought, carry'd us to *D——*, which is a fine Seat that we have near *Tours*, and we arrived there in pretty good Time. As I naturally love the Country, I went immediately to the Garden, to partake of the Pleasure of the Day, which was very fine, and not yet very far advanced. Upon my entring therein, I perceived a Journey-man Gardiner, dressed almost in the same Manner as *Celadon* is represented in *Astrea*. He had on a Coat of white Cloth,

Cloth, very fine Linnen, a Straw-Hat cock'd, and adorn'd with Flowers, green Silk Stockings, and Sheep's Leather Shoes, ty'd with Rose colour'd Ribbons. I went up to the head Gardiner, and said to him, How do you, Master Simon? At your Service, Madam. After this, I ask'd him, who was that who was dress'd like a Shepherd upon the Stage. 'Faith, Madam, said he, 'tis a Journeyman whom I have hired lately; he is so tender, that he made it in his Bargain, that he wou'd not hire himself to me, but on Condition, that he should not be employ'd in digging; but that wou't suit me, I shall not keep him long, he gives himself so much the Airs of a Gentleman; what, the Deuce! he will keep Company with no body but the Curate and School-master of our Village; Ads bobs! I don't love Fellows who are so proud. Upon this I left him without hearing any more, and ran in to desire my Sister to come into the Garden, and see something that was very singular; which she did, rather through Complaisance than Curiosity: But when I had shewn her our brave Gardiner, she admir'd his Dress, and burnt with Impatience to hear him talk, that she might find whether



his Wit was answerable to the Extravagancy of his Habit. We were already near him, when he turned his Head, which, as soon as he had done, my Sister seeing his Face, gave a great Cry, and fainted away in my Arms, insomuch that I was forced to desire the young Gardiner's Assistance to carry her back to the House. She was still in his Arms, when she recovered from her Swoon, which had almost made her dye away a second time, but her Bed happening to be just by, we laid her thereon; she begged us to leave her to her Repose, and the Gardiner retired.

When we were alone, she said to me, Ah! my dear Sister, where are we? and what will become of me? He whom you carry'd me to see, that Journeyman Gardener, who is just gone out, is no other than the *Chevalier de T—*, the very same, who under a Peasant's Habit, so much enraged the Count *de Bluteau* at *Bezons*, by his Assiduity in paying his Respects to me; in fine, the very Person, with whom the Count *de Bluteau* fought.

How, answer'd I, can you know whether it is him or not, since you only saw him mask'd? It is he himself, Sister, reply'd she, I am but too certain thereof,  
for

for he took off his Mask, to whisper me that he ador'd me; and he said it so tenderly, that this Declaration soon found the Way to my Heart.

We spent the rest of the Day, and part of the Night, in discoursing of these two Rivals; and by our Conversation I perceived that my Sister was charm'd with the *Chevalier's* fine Qualities. This Night seem'd to us longer than ordinary, through our Impatience to know by what Adventure he was become a Gardener; and why he had taken Refuge in the House of my Father, who would be his Adversary thro' his Friendship to the Count *de Bluteau*. Next Morning, as soon as we were dress'd, we went into the Garden, and as we were going, I ask'd my Sister if she was not apprehensive of the Sight of the *Chevalier's* causing some Emotion in her: No; reply'd she; and if I show'd any Weakness Yesterday, 'twas because I did not expect to meet him here; but at present, now I am pre-acquainted with it, I shall on the contrary, take a very great Pleasure in the Interview. We went up to this illustrious Gardener, who immediately begg'd Pardon for the Indisposition he had caused in her, exaggerated the

row he had felt on that Account, and protested, that if he had displeased her, in taking Shelter where she lived, it was because he did not till then know that her Father was Master of that Seat. We ask'd him for what Reason he had taken upon himself the Occupation of a Gardener, and how he came to stumble upon our House? Happening, answered he, to be met upon the Road to St. *Germain's* by the Gentleman who accompany'd you to *Bezons*, he laying his Hand upon one of his Pistols, forced me to do the same by mine, and he firing the first, unfortunately for me, and having only pierced my Hat, I took my Aim so exactly to his Misfortune, that I lodged the Bullets in his Body, and left him for dead. Hereupon some Persons who had seen our Combat at a Distance, judg'd that 'twas a Duel, and accordingly publish'd it as such at St. *Germain's*, whence it soon reach'd the Court, where it was represented in the same Manner; and I was informed that his Majesty was very highly incensed, and resolved to make us both suffer the Punishment pronounced by the Law against Duels. The Perplexity I found in proving my Innocence, made me take a Resolution not to expose my  
self

self to the Resentment of a Prince, whose Severity on such Occasions is known to the whole World. Not finding then any secure Retreat for me near the Court, I resolved to remove at a Distance from it; and the Fear of being known upon the Road, made me put on a Peasant's Habit, under which I got safely hither. Your Gardener having chanced to meet me, ask'd me if I would work for him; I told him very willingly, imagining that besides my Disguise, I should be yet in greater Safety, by changing thus my Name and Condition, wherefore I assumed the Name of *Colin*. It was thus then, Ladies, that my Destiny conducted me hither, without my knowing that Master *Simon* had the Happiness to be your Gardener. Hereupon we assured him that he might rely upon our Discretion, and stay with us till he should hear some good News of his Affairs, and that we would go and speak to Master *Simon*, to have some Regard to him, with respect to his Work, Accordingly we went directly to him, and told him, that having some Value for his new Journeyman, he would oblige us in being tender of him, as to the laborious part of his Business, and in keep-

ing him still with him, in the same Capacity as he had hired him, even though he should do nothing. We likewise recommended it to him to use him kindly, telling him that, far from giving him any Wages, we would pay for his Board, to which End we gave him before-hand a double *Louis d'Or*. The ready Money made such an Impression upon the Mind of this mercenary Fellow, that from that Time the *Chevalier* work'd no more in the Garden, but for his own Pleasure. This done, upon seeing my Father, we retired; and to avoid meeting him, turn'd down another Walk than that wherein he was. He stopp'd to talk with the *Chevalier*, and their Conversation lasted long enough to make us fear his betraying himself. At last, my Father having left him, took a Turn round the Garden, after which he came up to us. He told us that he was charm'd with the Wit of the Journeyman Gardener, with whom he had discoursed above an Hour. He has talk'd to me said he with all good Sense imaginable; 'tis a Pity he is of such mean Extraction, for he has noble Sentiments, and a Physiognomy which seems to promise him something great. I wish, added he, with all my Heart, that the  
Count

Count *de Bluteau* had as elevated a Wit, and as much Greatness of Soul, as this poor Fellow has manifested to me, or else that this Man had the Count's Fortune. My Sister was overjoy'd to hear my Father himself speak so handsomely of her Lover; but he did not stop there, for Dinner Time being come, he sent a Footman to bid *Colin* come and speak to him; then turning to us, Daughters, said he, don't be surpriz'd if I place at my Table a Person of such mean Parentage, his Conversation is full as good as the Company of a Fool of Quality. Upon his entring the Room, *Colin*, adds my Father, Wash your Hands, and come and dine with us. Hereupon *Colin* seated himself very civilly: and behaved himself so modestly during the whole Time of Dinner, that my Father being astonish'd, ask'd him whence he came, and what his Parents were? Sir, answered *Colin*, I am the Son of a Gardener of *Bonnivent*: How is it possible, said my Father, that a Gardener should be endued with such fine Manners, as you discover in your Behaviour? Sir, reply'd he, if I know any Thing, I am obliged for it to the *Chevalier de Saffille*, who carry'd me with him to *Malta*, when he went thither



thither to cruize against the *Turks*. He found in me some Disposition of Learning, and as he was himself a Man of Letters, he always took Care to carry Books along with him, when he went on Board his Ship. The Pleasure I took in improving my self, made me read from Morning till Night, which I did with the more Convenience, in as much as the Employment we follow'd, favour'd my Inclination, by allowing me a great deal of Leisure, whereof I might make my Advantage. Besides, the *Chevalier* had so much Goodness to me, that he treated me more like a Companion than a Servant; but the Fates being envious of my good Fortune, did not long leave me so good a Master; and he had too much Courage to follow long such a dangerous Profession; for he received a Wound in his Thigh with a Battle-ax, in striving to board a Vessel, wherein was the *Sultana* Queen, with the Prince her Son, and the Wound turning to a Gangrene, he died at the End of three Days. At his Decease he made me a Gift of all he possessed in the Isle of *Malta*, which amounted to almost 2000 Crowns; but that was not capable of comforting me for his Loss. I turn'd into Money all that

that he left me, with Design to return into *France* and marry, and settle there, according to my Rank, and my small Fortune: But the *Banditti* of the Kingdom of *Naples* robb'd me of all, excepting a little Ring which I sold, and which enabled me to travel hither, and my Master's Cross, which I always preserve for the Love of his Memory. Hereupon he unbuttoned himself, and shew'd us his Cross fasten'd to the Button-hole of a Waistcoat which he wore under his Coat. My Father asking him whether that Cross was of any Value, he answered, that it was well worth 200 Pistoles: You was very happy, said my Father, in having been able to save it.

Hereupon my Sister and I admired the *Chevalier's* Presence of Mind and ready Wit, that could invent off-hand a Story to satisfy the Curiosity of my Father, who that Instant went to the Gardener, and told him, Master *Simon*, you have got a Journeyman, of whose Merit you are not a Judge; if you will oblige me, you will have all the Regard imaginable for him; I have Esteem enough for him to allow him to sit at my Table as long as he is with you;  
preserve

preserve him as much as possible, it shall cost you nothing for the future for his Keeping. Thus you see *Colin* every Day at our Table, and my Father every Day more and more in Love with his Conversation.

One Day, just as we were going from the Apartment where we had dined, two Men entered our Court-Yard, driving a Litter carried by two Mules; wherein was an old sick Nun, whereupon my Father went out to receive her. My Sister and I were in great Perplexity to know who this Nun cou'd be, and were very much surpriz'd to see my Father embrace her, but much more so, when he made the Litter be led to the Foot of a Pair of back Stairs. He came afterwards to bid us go and meet this Nun by the great Stairs, and commanded us to give her a good Reception; but we were strangely astonished when we saw that this pretended Nun was the Count *De Bluteau*, and very much troubled at Fortune's having brought the two Enemies to meet under our Roof. I told my Sister that it was necessary to apprize the *Chevalier* of the Count's Arrival, but she was not of my Opinion, as fearing it wou'd drive

drive him from her. We received the Count then as my Father had commanded; and he told my Sister, that not being able to live from her, he had caused himself to be brought to us, and that if we saw him disguised after that Manner, 'twas for Fear of being known upon the Road, during which he had suffer'd greatly, but that if it must have cost him his Life, he should have ventured all to have had the Pleasure of seeing her once again.

Hereupon my Father sent for a Surgeon, who having examin'd his Wounds, found them in a very bad Condition, for want of having been dressed upon the Road, which caused him the Night following to be seized with a violent Fever that never left him. Wherefore finding himself at the Extremity he sent for my Father, and said to him, I am dying, Sir, and *Mademoiselle* your Doughter is the innocent Cause thereof; the extreme Love I had for her made me jealous of all who approach'd her, and 'twas for this Reason that I with a premeditated Design, waited upon the Road to Saint *Germain* for a brave *Chevalier*. But Heaven, which is just, would not suffer me to execute my evil Intent; on the contrary

Contrary it punish'd me upon the Spot, by causing me to receive my Death from his Hand whom I intended to have kill'd. I wish with all my Heart that the brave Gentleman were here present that I might embrace him, and ask his Pardon for the Injury I committed against him ; and to shew that I dye his Friend, I freely give him the Sum of 20,000 Crowns, which shall be levied upon the finest Part of my Estate, provided he Marries *Made-moiselle de C* — your Daughter ; this said, he ask'd for a Notary to make his Will.

My Father came in Search of us, and told us the Concern he was in to hear some News of this *Chevalier de T* —, that he might be informed whether he could have a Dispensation to espouse my Sister, on account of his Order, which prohibits Marriage. After this he acquainted us with the Count *de Bluteau's* Legacy in Favour of these Nuptials, and as it was considerable, the old Man was afraid it should escape him.

Wherefore I drew my Sister aside, and told her she ought to make use of this Opportunity to discover to my Father the Reason of the *Chevalier's* Disguise, whom mere Chance and conducted

ted to our House : She begg'd me to be the Bearer of this News, which I did, after having ask'd his Pardon for having made a Mystery to him of this pretended Journeyman Gardener, for whom he had so much Esteem, assuring him it was that very *Chevalier* for whom he was at a Loss.

He received this News with so much Joy, that he immediately went himself in Search of him to acquaint him with it, and embracing him, said, Sir, it is no longer Time to dissemble, I know who you are, come with me, your Enemy forgives you his Death, and besides leaves you 20,000 Crowns by his Will, on Condition you will marry one of my Daughters. The *Chevalier* having asked him eagerly which it was, he answer'd the youngest. Then falling on his Knees, he protested that he thought himself the happiest of Mankind, since he had the Goodness to grant him the Person he loved the most in the World ; adding, that his being a Knight of the Order of *Malta* wou'd be no Obstacle, since he had not yet made his Vows. This done, they went together to see the Count, who was very ill ; the *Chevalier* begg'd his

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Pardon



Pardon for having reduced him to that deplorable Condition wherein he found him, to which the Count answer'd, 'tis my Business, Sir, to ask it you, since all the Crime is on my Side; having attack'd you, 'twas your Part to defend your self: The *Chevalier* embraced him a second time, at which the sick Count melted into Tears, which increased his Illness, insomuch that he died the next Night. My Father then told the *Chevalier*, that he ought to endeavour to obtain his Pardon; to which he answer'd, that he should find it no Difficulty, since he, my Father, cou'd prove that their Combat was not a Duel, and he had Friends and Relations enough at Court to solicit it. Accordingly he obtain'd it soon after, and set out to dispose his Relations to the Marriage. We return'd to *Paris* the Winter following, where our Lovers arrived at the Summit of their Happiness.

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## The Eighth Forfeit.

**A**FTER the President of the Play had return'd the young Lady Thanks in the Name of the Company, she drew out another Forfeit, saying, Let us see whose Turn will be next. Mine, cry'd out a Captain, 'reclaiming his Forfeit, which was a Diamond Buckle, and I'll endeavour to redeem it.

## *The Mercenary Lady.*

Upon our Return from a Campaign, one of my Friends and I were in the Shop of a Gold and Silver Lace-man, when a Lady with her Woman in a Coach, and three Footmen behind, happen'd to pass by, having in her Hand some Patterns which she was trying to match. My Friend upon seeing her, cry'd out, Heavens, what a fine Woman is there; I wou'd give with all my Heart 100 *Louis d'Ors* to pass only one Night with her. Her Woman catch'd up these Words,

and thinking to make her Court to her Mistress, told her what she had overheard.

He is very insolent, said the Lady, and I will make him repent for having spoken of me so lightly. Hereupon she call'd one of her Footmen, named *Champagne*, and bid him manage so as to know the Names and Lodgings of the two Officers who were in the next Shop. *Champagne* acquitted himself so well of this Commission, that after having follow'd us to our Inn, he brought Word to his Mistress, that he who had spoken so of her was call'd the Marquis de P—, and that we were both Captains in the King's Regiment. Immediately she set Pen to Paper, and wrote this Note to the Marquis.

*I am very much scandalized, Sir, at what you said just now on seeing me pass by in the Street St. Honore : Dare you, Sir, set a Price upon a Person of my Rank ? Did you not expect one should come and take you at your Word in the Shop : Dread all Things from my Resentment, if you do not bring me a sufficient Excuse ; and don't come and tell me that you spoke those Words.*

*Words without Design, if you would not be used ill.*

She sealed this Letter, and gave it to the Footman, who carried it to the Marquis. He asked him from whom he came, the Fellow told him his Mistress's Name, and that she was Wife to a Counsellor of Parliament. Wherefore the Marquis, after having read the Note, the Sense whereof he comprehended very well, made her this Answer.

*I ask your Pardon, Madam; for what I had the Boldness to say, on seeing you pass by this Morning: Your great Beauty surprized me so much, that I could not behold you without loving you, nor love you without Desire. If I set such a low Price upon the Possession of so many Charms, 'twas not but I knew their Value was inestimable; but I shall be able to join to the little I offer you so much Respect, Love, and Fidelity, that I will force you to forgive me a Fault for which I will come this very Evening to make you Satisfaction. I hope you will be contented with it. I am a Man of Honour, of Courage, and of my Word; and what's still more,*

Your humble Servant,

The Marquis de P—i.

After.

After having closed this Letter he gave it to the Footman, who carried it to his Mistress. My Friend having acquainted me with this Adventure, I advised him to arm himself against all Accidents, if he designed to execute what he had projected, which he did by taking two good Pistols well loaded ; neither did he forget the Purse, and the hundred *Louis d'Ors*. Thus equipped he went to that Part of the Town where the Lady lived, and enquiring her Character, was told that she passed in the World for a virtuous Woman. After this Information he no longer scrupled going to the Lady, who received him very well, not doubting but he was a Man of his Word, as he had acquainted her in his Letter. The first Mark of Satisfaction that he gave her was the Present of the hundred *Louis d'Ors* ; which Liberality pleased her so much, that she did not give her self Time to lock up the Purse, before she put her self in a Condition to reward this Generosity. Whilst they were only intent upon gratifying each other, the Footman who had carried the Letters, and who was a Spy hired to observe his Mistress's Conduct, took Post and rode to *Versailles* to inform his Master there-  
of,

of, who not to lose Time, made Use of the same Relays, and arrived at his Gate in the Morning. He knocks there at like a Master; it was opened to him; he goes up Stairs, and thunders loudly at the Door of his Wife's Chamber; whereupon she being seized with Fear, earnestly intreated the Captain to go into a Closet and hide himself. The Officer being very well satisfied with her obeyed, not so much out of Fear, as Complaisance; for he was a Man who would sell his Life dear. The Lady arose to open the Door to her Husband, and having asked what made him return so early in the Morning: Because, said he, I have forgot a Paper in that Closet, which I must necessarily have. This Answer plunged her into a greater Perplexity. He asked for the Key of the Closet; they took Care not to give it him, for the Captain had it with him on the inside, The Counsellor rightly judging that it would not be given him, was going to break open the Door with a great Billet which he found in the Chimney; but at the first Stroke he gave, he heard a Voice, which said to him; hold, Sir, don't go on, if you would not resolve to perish the Moment you make an Opening;



pening ; I have two good Pistols which I believe will not fail me, but if they do, I have a Sword which I know very well how to use : Hear me only ; I did not come here to seduce your Wife, 'twas she who gave me the Invitation, by a Note which I have under her Hand. 'Tis true I did say, on seeing her pass by, that I would willingly give a hundred *Louis d'Ors* to pass this Night with her ; she took me at my Word, and I have kept my Promise ; the Money is behind the Looking-glass, see if I am an Impostor. At these Words the Husband said to him ; Come out, Sir, with all Safety. My Friend without Hesitation opened the two Bolts of the Door, holding in one Hand his Pistol cock'd, and his Sword in the other. The Counsellor said to him, Sir, put up your Arms, and let us see if you are so much a Man of your Word as you would make one believe. He opens the Purse, counts the *Louis d'Ors*, one after another, and finds a Hundred. He takes one and gives it his Wife, saying to her at the same Time, Here, Mrs. Punk, here is your Wages, there are a great many better than you, who don't get so much : Then putting the rest again into the Purse,

Purse, and restoring it to the Captain ; You have Need of it, said he, for the King's Service ; be secret if you would have me have no Resentment against you. The Captain retiring, promised him all the Discretion possible ; and that very Day the Counsellor shut his Wife up in a Convent to repent of her Avarice.

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### The Ninth Forfeit.

**T**HIS Story, the Subject whereof is pretty gay, was turned by the Captain after such a handsome Manner, that the Ladies did not seem displeased ; and the next Forfeit that was drawn was a gold Ring belonging to an old Gentleman, who told the following Story.

### *The mistaken Opinion.*

Walking one Day in *Luxembourg* Garden, in a Part where there was but little Company, I saw a young Fellow and a young Women talking together. The  
Man's

Man's whole Dress consisted in a red Waistcoat, coarse yarn Stockings, thick flat low heeled Shoes, and a little Hat, round which were tied four Ribbons which hung down to the Middle of his Back. The young Woman was dressed in a coarse painted Linnen, with a grey Serge Petticoat, and a green Apron of the same. As I sat upon the Grass pretty near them, I was very much surprized when I heard the Man speak in these Terms. Since my being removed from you, my Princess, I have done all that in me lies to obtain a Cure, and the Pains which I have suffered have not in the least diminished the Desire I have had a long Time to reingage my self again, and resume my Chains to serve you. *Cliton*, answered she, I am afraid that too fierce a Flame will prejudice your Health, wherefore moderate your Ardour, and be persuaded that I will do every Thing that lies in my Power to oblige you. These Words, which seemed to me to come from Persons of the meanest Condition, made me cry out ; How great a Master is Love ; He at once makes his Scholars learned, and makes Rusticks speak like Citizens, Citizens like Courtiers, and Courtiers like Oracles. Then  
changing

changing my Opinion, I imagined these might be Persons of Rank disguised after that Manner. But it was nothing at all like it. It was a Journeyman Smith, who was speaking to his Master's Daughter, who was a little hump-backed Wench, and therefore nick-named *Princess*. This Journeyman having fallen sick, had for that Reason been forced to leave his Master, and was desirous of returning to him and resuming his Chains, because he worked upon them. When she answered, that she was afraid that too fierce a Flame would be prejudicial to him, she spoke of the Flame of the Forge; she saw that the Fellow was not quite recovered of his Sickness, and advised him to moderate his Ardour for working, promising to do all that lay in her Power to persuade her Father to take him again. This was the Discourse which I thought the Sentiments of an amorous Heart, and yet wherein Love had not the least Share.

The

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## The Tenth Forfeit.

**T**HE next Forfeit that was drawn belonged to the Lady of a President of Parliament, who to redeem it related the subsequent Story.

### *The Coquet Widow.*

A Widow who has already upon the Decline, but nevertheless still a prodigious Coquet, had a Daughter about fifteen or sixteen Years old, whom she brought up in great Obscurity, being apprehensive that her growing Beauty would deprive her of some of her Conquests; however all her Precautions were to no Purpose. As her Charms diminished in Proportion as the Number of her Years increased, her Daughter's Beauty, on the contrary, shone out with such Lustre, notwithstanding the Plainness of her Dress, and her modest Air, that she robbed her Mother of her most favourite  
 Lover,

Lover, in Spite of all the Paint and Patches which she used to secure herself the Possession of him. This Cavalier behaved himself so artfully in this Exchange, and dissembled his new Passion so well, that the Coquet Mother continued to believe herself the sole Object of this Lover's Affiduities and Care. On the other Hand, the young Lady having perceived that her Charms had touched the Heart of her Mother's Lover, flattered herself that she had some share in his Visits; and as the Desire of pleasing follows very soon after the Knowledge of one's own Perfections, she could not surmount the Ambition of appearing still more amiable, which is so common to all young Persons of her Sex. To this End, she took more Care of her self than before, her Head was dressed after a more regular Manner, and the rest of her Cloaths were put on with a certain Air which added more Grace and Lustre to her natural Beauty; insomuch, that she afterwards attracted the Eyes of most of those who came before to make their Court to her Mother. The Cavalier of whom I spoke before, and whose Name was *Pastourd*, being afraid of being preverted by some other, made her a Decla-

L

ation



ration of his Love ; at which *Nichon* (for that was the Daughter's Name ) was so much delighted, that she did not perceive her Mother who surprized them during this passionate Interview. She asked *Pastourd*, with Haughtiness enough, if he came to her House to seduce her Daughter. No, Madam, answered he, my Intention are purer than you imagine ; nevertheless I own I was in the Wrong to address my self to any other besides you, and I ask your Pardon with all my Heart. The Lady grew Calm at these Words, believing he was returning to her : I forgive you your Error, said she, provided you are more discreet for the Time to come. *Pastourd*, who was full of his Passion, seeing that she recovered her good Humour, replied ; Madam, if I should dare at present to discover to you the real Sentiments of my Heart, should I be so happy as to find you disposed to hear me favourably ? Speak them, said she to him, in the Tone of a Sovereign. I love, Madam, replied he, but with so violent a Passion, that it is impossible for me to conceal it any longer. Do you believe, answered she, that one has been till now without perceiving it, and that notwithstanding your  
Silence,

Silence, one could not discover your real Sentiments? You surprize me strangely, Madam, replied the Cavalier, I had methought, used all imaginable Precaution till this Day to keep my Passion secret, even so far as to pretend Love to another Person. There was no Need, resumed she, of so much Ceremony, you ought to have declared it to me at first, and I should have approved thereof, as I do at present, provided it be for Marriage. I have no other Intention, Madam, pursued he, falling at her Knees, and I will never rise till you promise me a Hand which is to make my whole Happiness. Rise, said she, giving him her Hand to kiss. Ah! Madam, replied the Cavalier rising, how much am I obliged to you: Pardon, I beg you, my just Impatience, and suffer me to ask you, if I must still wait any Time before I am perfectly happy. The sooner the better, according to my Inclinations, answered she. *Pastour* retired the most satisfied of Mankind, and as he was going out, told his young Mistress that her Mother had just granted her to him in Marriage, and that he esteemed himself the happiest of Lovers. *Nichon* being transported with Joy at this News,

ran to her Mother, and said : How many Thanks ought I to give you , Madam, for the good Choice you have made ; I have always looked upon Mr. *Pastourd* as the most accomplished Gentleman who frequents our House. I am glad, answered the Mother, that you have no Dislike to this Marriage, and that you approve of my having chosen Mr. *Pastourd* ; he will do his Duty to you very well, he is a brave Man, and one with whom you will be very well satisfied. *Nichon*, who understood this Discourse in another Sense than her Mother, blushed at these Words, and would have retired, when she detained her to ask from whom she had heard this News. From M. *Pastourd* himself, answered she, and he is so overjoyed at being to marry me, that he could no longer dissemble it. How ! to marry you, replied the Mother, do you imagine it was you he desired in Marriage, Fool as you are ? Truly I think you a pretty Slut to have such a Thought at your Age ; go, Huzzy, go hide your self, and prepare to receive him as a Father-in-Law, whom you fancied to have as a Husband. The young Lady withdrew, not knowing what to think of  
what

what she had just heard. The first Visit *Pastourd* made, he was surprized to find his Mistress in Sorrow, without being able to guess the Cause, and he became so likewise through Sympathy. The Mother perceiving it, asked him what he ailed. I fear all Things, Madam, said he, and the Affliction wherein I see your Daughter, makes me doubt that she is not well pleased with our Marriage. Pleased or displeased, said the Mother, am not I Mistress: That's true, answered the Cavalier, but I would not receive her Hand against her Will. How her Hand! replied the Mother in a Surprise, was it her Hand you demanded? Yes, Madam, said *Pastourd*, and I swear I never will have any other. If you have reckoned upon that, resumed she in a scornful Tone, you have been very much mistaken: My Daughter is not to be married, and I desire you, Sir, for the future to suspend your Visits. These last Words were like a Stroke of Thunder to poor *Pastourd*, who retired to his Lodgings so overwhelmed with Grief, that he went to Bed, and ordered his *Valet de Chambre* not to let him be seen by any one whatever. This *Valet*, whose Name was *Combiac*, was a young Fellow  
just

just come from *Guienne*, where he had been six Months soliciting the Payment of a pretty large Sum, which he had brought with him. *Combiac*, who was one of those important *Valets*, who have rendered themselves famelier with their Masters by having served them several Years, could not see his Master's extreme Malancholy without asking him the Cause. Hereupon *Pastourd* having told him what had happened: Is that all, said he, Sir; Adzooks, I will make you happy in less than a Month, let me alone, we have Money, be assured that you shall have *Mademoiselle Nickon*, and that you shall obtain her even with her Mother's Consent. This Lady has never seen me; I will endeavour to get Admittance to her under the Name and Habit of a Man of Quality; by copying after you, I shall have pretty much the Air of a Nobleman: Ah! my poor *Combiac*, said his Master embracing him, if by thy Means I should be so happy to overcome herein the Obstinacy of this old doting Fool, thy Fortune shall be inseparably join'd to mine: Make Use of all the Money and Credit which I have; I know thou hast Wit, and that I ought to expect all Things from thee.

Hereupon

Hereupon *Combiac* dress'd himself with all speed, hired two Footmen with a magnificent Livery, and took a Lodging ready furnished in the same Street with the Widow, who every Day spent some of her Time at her Windows, decked out like a high Altar, where they are going to celebrate Mass pontifically. Wherefore *Combiac*, who had no other View but to seek all Means of having Admittance to her, gave her such Looks as made her sufficiently comprehend, that he took a Pleasure in seeing her. As he watch'd an Opportunity to speak with her, he followed her one Day into a Church, whither she went to Mass; he saluted her, and when Mass was over presented her with Holy Water, and conducted her to the Door. As they walked along, Madam said he to her, I have a long Time sought an Opportunity to tell you how strongly the Respect I bear you is imprinted in my Soul; and if a Tender of Service from a Man who has some Estate, more Quality, and yet more Desire to be yours, wou'd be agreeable to you, you shou'd find in me the most affectionate of humble Servants. This Compliment was not displeasing to her; she even answered him in such a Manner, that



that he easily comprehended, that if he should ask her Leave to come to her House, and play at Piquet, he would find no Difficulty in obtaining it, which did not fail to happen. *Combiac* acted so well the Part of the *sham* Marquis, that the old Lady, who believed him a Person of Quality, thought herself very much honoured with the frequent Visits which he paid her.

In short, he said to her one Day, Madam, I can no longer hold out against so much Beauty, I must absolutely dye, or declare my Love to you. If you had not so many Charms, I should not have so long delayed conjuring you to give me your Hand; but as I am naturally susceptible of Jealousy, and you have a Daughter of an Age to be provided for, I shall believe that they who come here to court her, come for the Love of you. Marry her, Madam, after that we may live together in perfect Union. The extreme Desire she had to be a Marchioness, and yet more to be married, made her repent the not having given her Daughter to *Pastour*. Wherefore she said to the *sham* Marquis, that she esteemed herself very happy in having been able to inspire him with such Sentiments as he expressed

sed to her; and that her Daughter need not trouble him in the least, since she had an Opportunity of getting rid of her. A Gentleman, continued she, who loves her to Distraction, has asked her of me, and I will give her to him. Make Haste then, Madam, said *Combiac*, if you will allow any Thing to my Love, and my Impatience. That very Day she sent for *Pastourd*, to whom she said, that she would give him her Daughter in Marriage, provided he would take her without any Fortune. *Pastourd*, who knew what made her speak after that Manner, consented to what she pleased, and married *Nichon*, and with her all her Pretensions. The Nuptials being concluded, *Combiac* the next Morning wrote this Letter to the Widow.

*I am very sorry, Madam, that I am obliged to go into Gascony, whence they send me Word that a Fire has consumed the best Part of my Estate, without even sharing the Records of my Nobility, which had been preserved ever since Noah's Flood. I will not deceive you in my present Condition; some Persons who ought to be near to you prevent me: I am not a Man for you, Madam. I only esteem myself too happy in being the Cause of your Daughter's Nuptials.*

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*If any one hereafter should offer to marry you, I advise you to know him better than you have known me.*

The Receipt of this Letter made her quite desperate, to find herself imposed on after this Manner ; and she was stark wild with Spite to see her Daughter married ; insomuch, that it was a considerable Time before she would see them ; but the courteous Behaviour of her Son-in-Law, and the Tenderness of her Daughter, made her come to herself at last : And she even quitted her Coquetry to live in a good Intelligence with them.



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## The Eleventh Forfeit.

**T**HE next Forfeit that was drawn being a Glove, the Gentleman who owned it began as follows to redeem it.

*One Project destroys another.*

A Gentleman whose Birth was much superiour to his Fortune, and who only wanted a great Estate to be one of the most accomplished Men in the Kingdom, had an Affair of Importance, which called him to the Capital of a Province. He was not long there without seeing the handsomest Ladies in the City, and to that End he generally went to the last Mafs at a Convent, which was the usual *Rendezvous* of all the celebrated Beauties. One amongst the rest charmed him; he viewed her with Attention, and as the first Glance of her Eye had made a deep Impression on him, he could not take his Eyes off of her, and found within himself an Impatience to know her Name,  
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and where she lived. He could not find a more proper Person to inform him than a poor Man who was at the Church Door. This Man being gained by an Alms, which made him know that he had a generous Lover to deal with, acquainted him that the Lady in Question, was a Widow, whose Husband had been dead about fifteen Months, and had left her a great Estate, which he had acquired in the Treasury; that she had been married but two Years, and that the only Child, which was born of that Marriage, had been dead about six Months. He informed him likewise that she lived in one of the most magnificent Houses in the City, which was in such a Street, and was Part of the Inheritance which the Treasurer had left her. The Cavalier desired to know no more, and resolved within himself to try all possible Means of getting acquainted with the young Widow. One of his Friends who had perceived how attentively he viewed her, coming the same Day, to take him out to walk, found it no Difficulty to turn the Conversation upon his growing Passion, and offered to introduce him the next Day into a House, where the fair one came very often, and where a Man  
of

of his Merit would be received with Pleasure. The Friend kept his Word; and the next Day after Dinner, carried him to a President's Lady of his Acquaintance, where the beauteous Widow already was before them. The Gentleman's Love had almost got the better of his good Breeding; and he was within an Ace of paying his Respects to her, before he had saluted the Mistress of the House. He soon discovered the gay facetious Temper of the Lady, whom he so much desired to know; and the Wit she displayed in her Conversation, completed the Conquest she had gained over him: He was himself of a very lively and pleasant Humour. A Collation was served up, after which every one retired. He only obtained Permission to conduct her home; but this Favour deprived him of what little Liberty he had left. He carefully cultivated the good Graces of the President's Lady, who was not long in finding out the End of his Assiduities, and took a Pleasure in inviting still more frequently to her House, the Charmer who drew the Cavalier thither. Three Months passed away thus, and he thought he had a Glimpse of some Beams of Hope. He had already mentioned his Passion,

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and been heard without Anger. One Day when the Opportunity seemed favourable he ventured the Proposal, and declared to her that all his Happiness depended upon her, and that if he was deprived of the Hopes of seeing himself united to her by Marriage, he should be the most unfortunate of Mankind. He expressed himself in such a passionate Manner, that the Lady was moved thereat. I do not at all doubt, said she, the Sincerity of your Words, or the Purity of your Intentions; neither am I so blind not to be sensible how much Honour a Gentleman of your Merit does me, when he distinguishes me from amongst all those Persons to whom he might make his Addresses: Therefore, Sir, continued she, be persuaded in your Turn, that I know the Value of the Offer you make me; but my deceased Husband has accustomed me to the expensive Way of living which you see I use, and I don't find myself of a Humour to retrench any Thing. Wherefore if your Estate is sufficient to maintain the Expence your Rank requires in the World, I am willing to marry you, but without that you must not think of it. This Answer gave the Cavalier to understand that

that he was farther from his Mark, than he imagined. He did not disguise his Circumstances, but confess'd that his Estate did not amount to above twenty thousand Crowns in the Whole; but he added, that he had a Prospect of four Times as much. It will be enough if you have fifty Thousand, interrupted the Lady, and as I am in no Hurry to engage myself again, I give you five Years to acquire them, and I promise you to preserve my Liberty during that Time. Whether the Gentleman saw some Probability of his being one Day able effectually to get the Sum, or whether his Love flattered him, and made a Thing easy, which was difficult in it self, he left the Lady, and returned to *Paris*, in order to make his Fortune, and put himself in a Way to obtain the lovely Widow. He had already been some Weeks there, when one of his Friends, from whom he concealed no Part of this Adventure, told him that he believed he knew a Way for him to get a hundred Thousand *Livres* in less than a Year. I know, said he, an old decrepit Fool, who has not six Months to live, and who would give yet more to pass them merrily with a young Husband.

She is at Variance with her Family; and to enrage them, she only seeks for a handsome Man, to whom she may give her whole Estate; this is your Woman. Her Age and her Infirmities will be your Security, that you will soon be rid of her; marry her if you will be advised by me, and if you should languish a Year or two with her, her Inheritance will make you Amends by the Pleasure you will find in a second Marriage. I will propose it if you please, and as soon as I have mentioned it to her, it will be a done Thing. There is even one Circumstance that ought to be agreeable to you, which is, that she only desires a secret Marriage; this will spare you the Confusion which such an Alliance might cause you. The Cavalier would have done worse to have got the Sum which the fair Widow had prescribed him; wherefore he married the old Woman, and had Need of all his Courage to support the Disgusts which she gave him by her Caresses and her Humours. He had the Precaution to make her deposite an hundred thousand *Livres* before he signed any Writings, and this Money was already secured; and he knew so well by his Complaisance how to deserve his old Woman's Liberality, that  
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in less than six Months he saw himself Master of more than the Sum he required, exclusive of his own Estate. He wrote to his Charmer to preserve her in the same Mind wherein he left her, and assured her that he was already Master of best Part of fifty thousand Crowns, and that it would not be long before he had the rest, after which he would hasten to her, to demand the Performance of her Promise. She answered him by an obliging Letter, that she had, in spite of some Forebodings, which would not suffer her to hope that he would ever be to her any other than her Friend; nevertheless she assured him, that if any Obstacle should arise to oppose their Marriage, it should never proceed from her, and that she was still resolved to fulfil her Promise. Nothing was now wanting to the Gentleman, but to be a Widower, which was provided for by a terrible Passion, into which the old Beldam fell with one of her Servants: She died soon after her Husband had written this Letter. As their Marriage had been kept secret, and could do him no Honour in the World, he dispensed with putting himself in Mourning, and took Post to acquaint the young Widow with his good

Fortune. He informed her of the Sacrifice he had made to her, and that she might know all the Merit of it, gave her a particular Account of the Character of the Woman he had married, and the Fear he was in lest she should have lived some Years longer. On the saying this he observed the beauteous Widow let fall some Tears, and asked the Reason: Alas! said she, my Forebodings were but too well grounded; you have directly taken the very Measures which only could have proved an invincible Obstacle to our Marriage: By the Description you have given me, I know it is my Mother whom you married. At these Words our Lover was as it were Thunder-struck. Explain yourself, said he: What, Madam, is it possible that you can be the Daughter of *Madame de Saint Pierre le Menil*? Yes, Sir, answered the young Widow, she was my Mother, and I leave you to judge, if after this Marriage I can be yours, They had both Time enough to repent; the one of having made a Proposal which had engaged her Lover in such a fatal Expedient; and the other of having rendered himself unhappy, by the very Means which he imagined would procure him the Felicity to which he aspired; but as  
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the Misfortune was without Remedy, they protested a sincere and tender Friendship to each other, which lasted till their Deaths.

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## The Twelfth Forfeit.

THIS Story being ended, another Forfeit was drawn, which proved a Snuff-Box, and was challenged by an agreeable *Chevalier*. Whereupon the Lady, who kept the Forfeits, said to him; Sir, you can certainly pay its Ransom very easily: Being made as you are, you must have had a Number of Advocates. Undoubtedly, Madam, replied he laughing; and if I were to relate them all, I should be able to pay for the whole Company: However, through Modesty, and that I may not expose the Reputation of those Persons who have been concerned therein with me, I will only relate one wherein I had but very little Share.

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## The History of Mademoiselle des Roches.

Being at *Paris*, and passing over the *Pont-neuf*, on that Side which faces the *Pont-au-Change*, I was just ready to go down the Steps on the Side of the *Place Dauphine*, when I saw a young Lady magnificently dressed coming from that Place. Her Air and Shape were answerable to the Richness of her Cloaths, and her Face charmed me; infomuch, that forgetting on a sudden both her Air, her Shape, and her Habit, which shew'd her to be of Quality, I stopped short to stare her in the Face; and whilst I was looking at her very attentively, saw with the greatest Surprize this Charmer, who to me seemed an Angel, become in an Instant as frightful as a Devil. I perceive that at this Expression, the whole Company, in an Astonishment, imagine already that this Event was the Effect of some Diabolical Enchantment. Not at all: You shall hear how this *Metamorphosis* happened: An unlucky Rogue passing by  
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this fair Lady, lifts up his Arm, and breaks a Bottle full of Ink a-cross her Face. This Blow blinded her so effectually, that she did not see the Rascal who had abused her after that Manner. I ran up to her, and advis'd her to pull down her Hood, because a hundred Mob would have gathered about her, who far from being concerned at her Misfortune, would have laugh'd at her, as is usual with the Vulgar at *Paris*. Whoever you are, said she, I conjure you not to leave me, but conduct me in Charity to some Place, where I may be out of Danger of the Coaches. Wherefore I put her into a Goldsmith's Shop, whilst I sent in Search of one to carry her home. I ask'd her why she walk'd thus alone. I came, said she, but from the \* *Palais*, where I have been to buy some Laces, more for Exercise than any Thing else, my House not being above twenty Steps off upon the *Key de la Valee*. But, Madam, answered I, who can it be that has such a Spite against you, to offer you such an outrageous Affront? I am much mistaken, replied she, if it is not the Effect of a young Lady's Jealousy, who  
was

\* *Palais*, a Place like our *Westminster-Hall*.

was formerly my most intimate Friend. This said, we arrived at her Door, and I led her into her own Apartment. Being got together, she said to her Woman, Look *Fanchon*, into what a Condition *la Bertrand* has put me; can any one carry her Malice farther? She triumphs now over all my Charms, and may reckon her Victory sure. Having thus said, she lifted up her Hood, whereat *Fanchon* gave a horrible Shriek, for 'twas something hideous to see the Ink, and the Blood run down her Face over her snowy Neck. She would have gone to her Glass, but I prevented her; her Woman and I undressed her; the Ink had run down to the Pit of her Stomach, and all her Cloaths were spoiled. We wash'd her Face and Neck, the Tip of her Nose was cut, and her Cheeks were all scarr'd. What will *M. des Landes* think, said she, when he sees me in this terrible Pickle? He will no longer waver between my Rival and me: How fatal has the first Day that I beheld him proved to me, that Day which I have so often bless'd! After her being dress'd with an excellent Balsam, which her Woman poured into her Wounds, and her being put to Bed, I sat down in an Elbow-Chair by the Bed-side,

side, and said to her; Madam, will it not be too troublesome if I ask you what Reason you have to suspect *Mademoiselle Bertrand* of being guilty of such an execrable Action? Sir, answered she, far from being troublesome, it will be a Pleasure to me to inform you, that you may judge the just Reason I have to suspect her; and you will find by the Relation that I am the innocent Victim of her Jealousy. *Mademoiselle Bertrand* and I, as I have already told you, were two inseparable Friends; my Mother's Death, and my Father's Sickness which followed her Decease, prevented my visiting her so often as I used. We had been some Time without seeing each other, when she came to tell me of a Gentleman who loved her, as she said, to Distraction. She press'd me so much to see him, that altho' my Father's Distemper increased, I went to her House for a Moment to satisfy her, where I saw this Gentleman, who seemed to me thoroughly accomplished. Having asked me, as I was going away, what I thought of him; I think him perfectly well made, said I, and if his Wit is answerable to his Person he is a valuable Lover. My Father's Death having given me a little more Liberty than  
before,

before, she came every Day to visit me, and extal her Lover's Perfections; and she said so much in his Commendation, that I thought myself obliged, both out of Complaisance and Curiosity, to go to her House, and see *M. des Landes*, for that was the Gentleman's Name. The first Compliments being over, I was desirous to know whether the Character she had given me of his Wit, was as just as what she had said to me of his Person. Wherefore I entered into a particular Conversation with him, wherein I found in Effect that she was not a competent Judge of the Delicacy of his Genius. She was overjoyed to see us discourse together with so much Earnestness; for she expected to be applauded for her Choice; accordingly when she asked how I liked his Company; He exceeds your Description; answered I, and if I were to make a Choice, it should be of such a Man as him. She was charm'd with my Answer, and begged me to come often to see them, which I promised; but Things took a different Turn from what either she or I expected. *M. des Landes*, who had been as well pleased with my Conversation as I was with his, neglected all his other Pursuits to make his

his Addressee to me. *Mademoiselle Bertrand*, far from disturbing us in our Discourse, promoted all Opportunities of our being *tete a tete*, believing it was upon her Account: But whenever I offered to speak to him of her, he stopp'd me short, and told me, Madam, speak of yourself, Love is not solicited like a Law-Suit; here the more Charms a Sollicitrix has, the less she advances the Affairs of the Person for whom she pleads: Consequently *Mademoiselle Bertrand* was very much in the Wrong to make Choice of you for that Office, and for my Part I should be yet more to blame than she, if being so exquisitely beauteous and charming as you are, I should address my Vows to any other. You do me a great deal of Honour, Sir, said I, but I can neither accept of your Vows, nor become the Rival of a good Friend, who has committed her Interests into my Hands, without being guilty of the blackest Perfidy. What would be said of me, if I should be the Cause of breaking off what is begun between you? Besides, Sir, it does not become me to interfere with the Pretensions of any other. I swear by your Charms, replied he, that I never made any Promise to *Mademoiselle Bertrand*,

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and may I never more be looked upon by your bright Eyes, if ever I mentioned Marriage to her. 'Tis true, I have flattered her, as 'tis usual to do all pretty Ladies, but nothing more, neither her Rank nor her Wit are agreeable to me: As for you, Madam, the Case is not the same; I know you are of a very noble Family, that your Merit infinitely transcends your Birth, and that you are the finest Woman I ever beheld; I have an Estate, am of a good Family, and my own Master; you have neither Father nor Mother living, and I swear by all your Charms that it shall be your Fault only, if we are not joined together in the Bands of Matrimony. I desir'd some Days to answer his Civilities, and told him that in the mean while he might assure himself that I was not insensible of his Offers, but that *Mademoiselle Bertrand* perplexed me very much, and that he must first of all convince her that he never designed to marry her.

As for my own Part, as soon as I saw her, I told her that I had not as yet been able to discover what Reason she had to think that *M. des Lands* intended to make her his Wife. However, she said, it is easy to see it; to what End should he

he come here every Day? Why should he say a hundred soft Things to me? How often has he told you that he would marry you, answered I? For if the Men of this Country were to have all the young Women, to whom they say *I love you*, they would have more Wives than they have in *Turkey*. Very fine, replied she, would you have a Gentleman talk to a young Lady of Marriage? Why, of what would you have him talk, said I? When they design to wed a young Woman, pursued she, they ought to address themselves to her Parents, or else to get some other to propose it to them. Oh! I understand you, said I, that is to say, *M. des Landes* has either asked you, or caused you to be asked of your Parents: Not yet, answered she, but he will very soon. Not so soon as you imagine, Madam, replied I, believing your Affairs more advanced than they are, I mentioned it to him; and he told me in plain Words, that he never had an Intention to make you his Wife. That's because he had a mind to dissemble, added she: But, Madam, continued I, won't you agree to me, that if *M. des Landes* had told you in plain Terms that he loved you.—

He has told me so, interrupted she. Patience, said I, if he had added to that, *I love you, and will marry you*, would not you think the Thing sure? Certainly, replied she; oh well, resumed I, then reckon no more upon him, for I know another besides you, to whom he has not only said, *I love you*, but has likewise made a Promise of Marriage, if she pleases. Who is that, cried she hastily? Myself, answered I; and will you accept it? I don't know. She said no more, and a Moment after she, left me. As soon as she saw *M. des Landes*, Sir, said she, there are some Persons who flatter themselves, that you will marry them if they please. Those Persons, Madam, answered he, are mistaken, for my Design is to marry but one. *La Bertrand* taking this Answer for a Declaration in her Favour, added with a smile; nevertheless *Mademoiselle des Roches* will not yield her Share to any other; and she even boasts of having received a Declaration of you to that Effect. What, said *M. des Landes*, has she told you herself that I offered to marry her? Yes, replied she, but I would not believe her, You were in the Wrong, Madam, resumed he, for she spoke the Truth; and if she did  
not

not firmly believe it, I would beg you to assure her of it in my Name. How, cry'd she, perfidious Wretch, dare you say this to my Face? Did you deceive me then? No, replied he, 'tis you who have deceived yourself, if you reckoned upon a Marriage which I never mentioned to you in my Life, nor even so much as thought on. At these Words she flew into a violent Rage, and was ready to burst; her Father and Mother coming in at the Noise, and hearing the Cause of it, begg'd *M. des Landes* civilly to withdraw, which he did. Since that he has made all his Addresses to me; and the more I saw him, the more amiable I found him, insomuch that our Affairs were pretty well advanced, when I was abused as you saw, in returning from buying Laces for the Wedding Day at the *Palais*. Just as she had done speaking, I saw a handsome young Gentleman enter her Chamber, whom I suspected to be *M. des Landes*, as it proved. What ails you, Madam, said he, seeing her in Bed? She hid her Face, and could make him no Answer, so much was her Heart oppress'd. Upon this Silence, which troubled him, he turned to me, and asked if I thought this Illness would

endanger her Life; taking me for a Surgeon, because I was then dress'd in black. No, answered I, provided the Lady don't lay the Accident that has happened to her too much to Heart; even you may contribute very much yourself towards extricating her from this Danger. He hearkned to me. without comprehending a Word of what I said; but then perceiving my Sword and my Cross, it threw him into a new Perplexity. For Heaven's Sake, said he, addressing himself to the young Lady, deliver me from the Trouble wherein I am: Hereupon *Mademoiselle des Roches* making an Effort, uncovered her Face, and shewed him the beauteous Countenance which he adored, all plaister'd over. Good God! cried he, my Angel, what has befallen you? She related her Misfortune to him, and concluded with saying, that 'twas *la Bertrand* who had caused her to be used after that Manner. Let me alone to be revenged of her, said he; she shall have Leisure enough to repent of an Affront which I will make fall upon herself. *Mademoiselle des Roches* having exaggerated the Obligations she had to me, he gave me a thousand Thanks; we contracted a Friendship together,

together, and I have since continued to visit them both. Some Days passed over without *Mademoiselle des Roches* hearing any News of her Lover; he had been in Quest of *La Bertrand*, and having managed Matters so well, that he had renewed his Intimacy with her. He told her that *des Roches* was grown so homely, that he could no longer bear the Sight of her; and that the Scars she had in her Face had created strange Suspicions in him. *La Bertrand* finding him returned to her, by the Aversion he express'd towards her Rival, applauded herself in Secret for the Trick she had play'd her, and endeavoured maliciously to confirm him in this Opinion. To this End she added a thousand Circumstances, the least of which was sufficient to disgust a Man who had a Design to marry. She brought me likewise upon the Stage, saying that she was passionately in Love with a certain *Chevalier*, who was with her Night and Day; and Heaven knows, pursued she, why the *Chevaliers* visit young Ladies. *Des Landes* pretended to be of her Opinion, and they grew in all Appearance the best Friends in the World; she would have obliged him to come and visit her at her Father's, but he puts her off,



off, saying, that he durst not make his Passion too publick, because Affairs were too much advanced with *Mademoiselle des Roches*, and it was necessary to keep some Measures with her, till such Time as he had got back a Promise of Marriage which he had given her. They saw each other then secretly, the Mystery gives a greater Relish to their Amours. *Mademoiselle des Roches* not having seen her Lover for some Time, did not at all doubt but he had forsaken her; and what had confirm'd her in this Opinion was, that she had heard that they had been seen together in a Hackney-Coach at the Wood of *Boulogne*: Wherefore she said one Day to me, Well *Monsieur le Chevalier*, could you have believed that *M. des Landes* would have left me, because I have the Misfortune to have lost some of my little Beauty? Had not I Reason to say that my Rival would triumph over my Charms? Madam, answered I, it can never enter into my Head, that *M. des Landes* has forsaken you; I rather believe that he pretends Love to your Rival, to draw a Confession from her of the Crime she has committed against you, in order to be revenged of her afterwards by the Course of Justice. As  
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I had ended these Words, *M. des Landes* entered the Room ; I am revenged, said he, revenge yourself in your Turn, Madam, by giving me your Hand this Night. She desired the Explanation of what he said : There is nothing wanting, added he, to compleat your Vengeance, but to conclude our Marriage with all Speed. Then taking me aside, come *Chevalier*, said he, come and let me tell you how I have revenged myself. I sought all the Opportunities imaginable to renew my Intimacy with *La Bertrand* ; I have accomplished it, and a thousand Protestations of Affection which I made her, so effectually rekindled her Love, that I engaged her to go singly along with me to the Wood of *Boulogne*, where I knew so well how to take Advantage of her Weakness, that I believe she will remember me above nine Months. *Mademoiselle des Roches* asked me what he had told me : But I gave it another Turn, not to shock the Delicacy of her Temper : Faith, Madam, said I, I would advise you to conclude Matters as speedily as possible, for fear the Face of Affairs should change ; and since nothing remains to do but the last Ceremony of your Marriage, when that is over, what is done will not be to be

be undone. She consented, and going out with *des Landes* to dispose all Things for that Purpose, they were married very early next Morning. Notice was sent of their Nuptials to *la Bertrand* to make her the more sensible of her Misfortune; it threw her almost into Despair, for the Revenge of *des Landes* had already caused her some Qualms at her Stomach. Her Father and Mother would have made the Thing publick; but some Persons of more Sense advised them to the Contrary. Wherefore *la Bertrand* got off of the Scrape as well as she could, and the others have lived together since very much to their Satisfaction.

The Incidents of this Story furnished the Company with ample Matter for Discourse; some blam'd *des Landes's* Revenge, others approved it; but the Persons of the best Sense concluded, that he ought rather to have had Recourse to Justice, than to have taken Advantage of a Woman's Weakness.

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## The Thirteenth Forfeit.

THE next Forfeit that came up was a Gold Seal, which was immediately own'd by a young Abbot, who to prepare his Audience for the Story he was going to relate, introduced it by the following Verses.

*If Jove his lov'd Europa to obtain,  
Transform'd into a Bull rang'd o'er the  
Plain;*

*Who would refuse, the Fair one to surprize,  
And hide him from a Mother's prying Eyes,  
T' assume a Water-Carrier's Disguise?*

### *The illustrious Water-Carrier.*

Madame Roger, a Timber Merchant's Widow, had only one Child, which was a Daughter of fifteen Years old, call'd *Mademoiselle Babet*. If two hundred thousand *Livres*, which she was to have on the Day of Marriage, had not induced several to wish they could obtain her,

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her Beauty alone was sufficient to create her a Number of Admirers. She had naturally a very good Genius for Love, and wanted only a genteel Education to be a young Woman of uncommon Merit. But *Madame Roger* brought her up under such a rigorous Restraint, that she refused her all Manner of innocent Liberties. I am not certain whether this Conduct proceeded from a habitual Severity, or from her knowing by Experience, that a young Maiden who seldom goes abroad in the World, preserves her Innocence the longer. However it was, no suspicious Man could gain Admittance into her House; and she kept her Daughter as a Sort of Merchandize, which she made a Conscience of delivering in good Order to the Person whom Fortune should ordain to enjoy the Possession of her. Amongst her most assiduous Adorers, a young Gentleman, named *La Tour*, distinguished himself to the greatest Degree, by a Constancy, that was Proof against all Sorts of Difficulties, and which nothing was able to shake. No sooner did this Cavalier fall in Love with *Mademoiselle Babet*, but he had a violent Inclination to acquaint her with his Passion; but as *Madame Roger's* Door was shut against

gainst all Persons of his Make, and *Mademoiselle Babet* never went out without her Mother, he saw very well, that without the Help of some Stratagem, he should never be able to declare his Sentiments to the fair one who had inspired them. *M. Colofane* would have been of great Use to him on this Occasion; however, as he did not want Wit, and Love generally supplies one with Invention, he bethought himself of a very singular Expedient.

He had accustom'd himself to pass several Times every Day before *Mademoiselle Babet's* Door; and one Day having observed that a Fruit Woman's Husband in the Neighbourhood, furnished *Madame Roger's* Family with Water, he went to the Woman, and propos'd to her to engage her Husband to let him carry a Turn of Water to that House: He accompanied this Proposal with something so persuasive, that it was not rejected. The Fruit Woman, who was no Novice at these Sorts of Intrigues, told him, that it would be proper for her Husband to bring the Turn of Water to her House, and that then he might come thither, put on her Husband's Cloaths, and afterwards carry it, which would save him

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abundance of Trouble. Every Thing having been disposed according to this Plan, she prepossess'd *Madame Roger* and her Daughter very artfully as they were returning from Mass, by telling them that her Husband being a little indisposed, she had desired a young Man, her Cousin, to bring them Water in his Stead. No Matter who, answered *Madame Roger*, provided it is well drawn. Oh ! as to that, replied the Woman, he will draw it as well as my Husband ; truly, truly, pursued she, my Cousin *Nicholas* is one of the lustiest Lads about *Paris*, the Water he brings you will be worth its Weight in Gold. The Time of carrying it being come ; *La Tour* went to the Fruiterer's, borrowed his Cloaths, put on the Yoke, and took up the Buckets ; The Burthen indeed was pretty heavy, but Love made him think it as light as a Feather. However his Impatience to discourse with *Mademoiselle Babet* had almost spoiled all ; for he forgot to change his Shoes and Stockings ; but for this Time he was, as they say, more lucky than wise.

*Mademoiselle Babet*, like a young Woman carefully brought up, followed the new Water-Carrier into the Kitchen, for  
Fear

Fear he should steal a Knife or a Cup. But this Precaution was needless with this Water-Carrier, who had no other View but only to leave a Note in the House, wherein he made a Declaration to *Mademoiselle Babet* of the Love he bore her. Finding himself alone with her, he was at first tempted to fall at her Knees, and disclose his Heart to her; but considering that this unforeseen Step might happen to displease her, he contented himself with putting the Note into her Hands, telling her that it was a new Song, which his Cousin the Fruit-Woman had charged him to give her, but that her Mother must not see it. *Mademoiselle Babet* put up this Paper with a secret Joy, of the Cause whereof she was as yet ignorant. The Sight of a young Man, although she believed him but a Water-Carrier, amused her; which made *La Tour* comprehend, that if she did not admit the Visits of well made Cavaliers, 'twas not for want of good Will. She asked him whether he was married: No, Madam, answered he, but I have a great Mind to be so; I don't know, added he, whether the Person whom I would wed is disposed to love me; but I am sensible that if I was beloved by

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her, I should think myself the happiest of Mankind. Lord! for a Water-Carrier, said *Babet* to him, how you Reason. 'Tis Love, replied *La Tour*, which makes me so eloquent; the Sight of the Charmer whom I adore raises me above my Condition; I admire the Beauty wherewith Heaven has adorned her, and as she is worthy of a Gentleman, I adopt the Sentiments that are suitable to that Rank, and forget that I am a Water-Carrier: Suffer me, Madam, continued he, falling at her Knees, to discover to her — Ah! my God, what are you doing, interrupted *Babet*, surprized and confounded? My Mother is coming down, go your Ways: Good Heavens! added she, what Sort of a Water-Carrier has Mrs *Simonet* thought fit to send us!

*La Tour* went away, for fear that *Madame Roger* should happen indeed to come down, and returned to the Fruiterers, not knowing whether he ought to rejoice, or be dissatisfied at this Adventure. In the mean while, *Mademoiselle Babet*, being very much surprized to hear a Water-Carrier talk after such a Manner, did not fail, as unexperienced as she was, to imagine there was some Mystery therein. With this Thought, as soon as she was alone,

alone, she opened the Paper hastily, not doubting but she should find therein an entire Explanation of a Thing, which she could not rightly conceive, and read as follows.

*It is two Months, charming Babet, since I first adored you, without having ever been able to find an Opportunity of letting you know it. I have been obliged to gain over the Fruiterer and his Wife to my Interests, and was forced to borrow a Water-Carrier's Cloaths, that I might speak to you. You ought to pardon this innocent Stratagem, in a Man who saw no other Way of acquainting you that he will live for you only. If you are not displeased that a young Gentleman, who is pretty well esteemed in the World, and who loves you passionately, should devote himself to you, I conjure you to take some Notice of the Respects which I am resolved to pay you; you will see me at the Church, to which you go every Day with your Mother, and may know me by being dress'd in a blue Suit of Cloaths laced with Gold.*

*Mademoiselle Babet* having read this Letter, found her Heart, by a particular Effect of Love, agitated with such ten-

der Emotions, that she never in her Life had wished so earnestly to go to Church, as she did that Moment. Next Morning *La Tour* did not fail being at the Place where *Madame Roger* and her Daughter used to hear Mass. *Mademoiselle Babet* immediately knew her Lover again, and thought him so finely shaped, and his Air so agreeable, that she was abundantly pleased with herself, for having gained such a charming Conquest. They conversed together that Day with their Eyes, but not so long as they could have wished; for Mass being ended, *Babet* went away, and all that *La Tour* could do was to conduct her home with his Eyes. He imagined however that she had not looked upon him with Indifference; but was very uneasy to know whether he was beloved.

Love, which every Moment made a new Progress in *Babet's* Heart, opened her Eyes as to the Constraint wherein she had been educated. She began then to feel all the Burthen of it, and to look upon it as the most insupportable Thing in the World; and was persuaded that not being able to speak to her Lover, it was her Duty to write to him, and inform him that his Passion was not unpleasing

pleasing to her. With this Thought she answered *La Tour's* Billet; then calling the Fruit-Woman, on Pretence of asking her if she had any fine Fruit, she charged her to give it to her pretended Cousin. The Woman promised, with a Smile, that her Cousin should have it that very Day; and accordingly *La Tour* passing soon after as usual by her Door, she called him, and delivering him this Letter, filled him with a Joy not easy to be express'd. Wherefore he opened it, and read as follows.

*I have often heard my Mother say, that a young Maiden ought never to write to a Man; but besides my hoping that she will not know of my writing, I am not fully persuaded that there is any Harm therein. If there is, let her blame her own Severity for it. I don't know why I am very glad that you love me; I read your Letter twenty Times a Day, and by the Pleasure I take in reading it, I judge of that which I should feel on bearing you say, that you would always love me. I spend part of the Night in thinking of you, and I own frankly that I don't regret the Rest I lose thereby. If I have committed a Fault against the Rules of Decency, in answering your Letter with so much*



*much Easiness, at least 'tis a Fault which ought not to be displeasing to you, since it informs you of what you would have otherwise been ignorant.*

*La Tour* saw plainly by this Letter that his Mistress had Wit, and that she would not be long conversant in the World before she would be very tractable: However he was not sorry she wanted Experience, because the Glory of being the Object of a first Passion flattered his Vanity. He made a fresh Present to the Fruit-Woman, by whose Assistance he afterwards wrote other Letters to *Babet*, who was not slow in answering them. By this Correspondence their Love increased too much on both Sides, for the Lover and his Mistress to be contented with the Hopes of a distant Happiness: They grew weary at last of making Love after such a jejune Manner, insomuch, that *La Tour* caused *Babet* to be demanded in Marriage.

*Madame Roger*, before she would hear of the Match, would know if *La Tour* was rich, and as he was not, she rejected him. This was a grievous Affliction to both the Lovers; *La Tour* cursing Fortune; which had not given him Estate  
enough.

enough to obtain *Babet*, and she complaining of her Mother's Avarice. The Persons who had proposed this Marriage not being disheartened at the first Refusal, renewed the Attack, and represented to *Madame Roger*, that if *La Tour* was not rich, to make Amends he was of a Family sufficient to entitle her Daughter to some Rank in the World. But the old Woman minded that no more than an old Song, because she neither valued Rank nor Nobility. In this Perplexity *La Tour* consulted his Friends, who advised him to forget *Babet*; but which Way could he tear himself from a Person whom he loved tenderly, by whom he was likewise passionately beloved, and who since their Correspondence by Letters, was grown as delicate in her Sentiments, as obliging in her Behaviour? After having long considered what Course he should take, he thought the best would be to carry off *Babet*. He represented to himself, that the worst Consequence that could attend the carrying her off, would be directly what they both most ardently wished; that if *Babet* consented once to be run away with, the worst that could happen to him, being a Gentleman, would be to be condemn'd.

to wed her. Having taken this Resolution, all that remained was to get *Babet* to approve thereof; this was not without some Difficulty, for how violent soever the Passion was wherewith she was prepossessed in his Favour, there was Reason to doubt that she would not consent to be carried away clandestinely. However he wrote her such a tender Letter, wherein he express'd his Despair after such a moving Manner, that she was afraid he might lay violent Hands upon himself. To prevent this Misfortune, she sent him Word that she consented to his carrying her off, although 'twas not without a great deal of Difficulty, she could resolve upon a Thing of so nice a Nature. After this *La Tour* bent all his Thoughts upon preparing every Thing for this Exploit. The Day being fix'd, 'twas agreed, that between five and six in the Evening, she should come down to the Street-Door, and go into a Coach which she should find there. But unfortunately a Citizen's Wife of *Madame Roger's* Acquaintance, having chosen that very Day to visit her, *Babet*, who was obliged in Complaisance to keep her Company, found it impossible to get down Stairs. The Coach had already been

waiting.

waiting an Hour at the End of the Street, when the Citizen's Wife going away, *Madame Roger* conducted her to the Door, where she staid a Moment to take the Air. The Coach drove up at the same Time, and two Men came out, who seizing roughly upon *Madame Roger*, forced her in Spite of her Resistance, and drove away full Speed. *Babet*, who was at the Window, saw her Mother carried off, and finding that *La Tour* had intrusted the Care of his Enterprize to Men who executed it so ill, was afraid that this Mistake would prove very prejudicial to their Loves.

In the mean while, the Coach drove on very hard, and *Madame Roger* made such Outcries, as would infallibly have caused it to be stopp'd, if one of the Ravishers had not held a Dagger to her Throat to keep her silent. None of the Neighbours could conceive why *Madame Roger*, who was above fifty, had been forced away, and they had Reason not to know what to think of this Adventure: But 'twas *La Tour's* Fault, in ordering the Ravishers to take the first Person who should appear at *Madame Roger's* Door. Accordingly he was ready to run mad at this Blunder. He was  
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on Horseback at *St. Dennis's Gate*, where he was waiting for them, when his Impatience to know the Reason of their Delay, made him return back towards *Madame Roger's*. He was not surprized to find the whole Neighbourhood in an Uproar; but when he was informed that they had taken the old Woman, I leave you to guess at his Vexation. However he clapp'd Spurs to his Horse, and overtook his Men near the Chapel, where being inspired by his lucky Genius, he did an Action that shewed him a Man of a ready Wit; and what was likely to have lost him his Mistress for ever, proved the very Thing which caused him to gain her. When he was within forty Paces of the Coach, he cried out, *Stop, Coachman, in the King's Name*: At which Words the Ravishers being terrified, opened the Coach Door, and fled away, imagining they had the Grand Provolt, and his Archers at their Heels.

*La Tour* being overjoyed at not having been known by his Men, dismounted, fastened his Horse behind the Coach, and getting in, commanded the Coachman to carry back the Lady from whence he had taken her, or else he should be hanged. *Madame Roger*, who did not know

know *La Tour*, taking him for an Officer of Justice, ask'd how he came to hear so soon what had befallen her. *La Tour* answered, that he was neither the *Grand Provost*, nor an Exempt, but only one who would be proud to serve her, and that the Desire alone of convincing her thereof, had induced him to expose his Life, to deliver her from this Violence. I was passing, added he, before your Door, when I heard of your Misfortune, upon which I immediately galloped after the Coach to assist you. Sir, said *Madame Roger*, I beg you to tell me your Name, that I may know to whom I am indebted for my Honour, and perhaps for my Life. I am called *La Tour*, Madam, replied he. *La Tour*, interrupted she instantly with Surprise! You are not sure the Gentleman, in whose Name my Daughter was demanded some Days ago? Yes, Madam, I am the same, replied *La Tour* mournfully, and you refused me, because I had not an Estate sufficient to deserve her. At that Instant, *Madame Roger*, as if by a Miracle, contemn'd Riches; and her Heart being mollified by the Acknowledgement which she thought she owed the Gentleman, she said that she would no longer regard

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the Smallness of his Estate, but was even pleas'd her Daughter's Fortune was superior to his, the better to recompence the important Service he had just rendered her. In the mean while the Coach arrived at *Madame Roger's* Door, and *Mademoiselle Babet*, who was rather dead than alive, seeing her Lover with her Mother, imagined she was going to hear some dreadful News, and was just ready to fall at her Mother's Feet, to beg Pardon for her Weakness, when *Madame Roger*, presenting *La Tour* to her, said, Daughter I gave you Life, will you refuse to be the Reward of saving mine? I owe it to this Cavalier; and you for the Love of me must give him your Heart and your Hand: And you, Sir, continued she, turning to *La Tour*, are you satisfied with my Acknowledgement? It is needless to ask whether he returned her abundance of Thanks, he who knew the best in the World, how to thank any who obliged him. As for *Babet*, as soon as she found that 'twas in good Earnest they talked of marrying her to her Lover, she could not help owing to her Mother, that the Match was very agreeable to her. They were wedded the Week following; and *M. Roger* no longer having a Daughter  
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to watch, no longer kept her Doors shut against Gentlemen.

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## The Fourteenth Forfeit.

**T**HE next Forfeit that was drawn was a Baby's Toy, which belonged to a young Girl of Fourteen, who was both handsome and well shaped; but had so much good Humour in her Countenance, as gave Strangers but an indifferent Opinion of her Wit. However herein they were mistaken, for making a genteel Curt'sy to the Company, and then turning to her Mother, she said, Mamma, shall I tell the Story which I learnt of my Nurse the other Day? Yes, *Agnes*, answered the Mother, let us hear it; upon which she again made a Curt'sy, and sitting down, began after this Manner.

*The 'Prentice too hard for his Master, or harm watch harm catch.*

There was formerly a Boy named *Alexis*, who was a very promising Youth;

he was perfectly well made, and as handsome as the Day. His Father and Mother had died for Want, and he lived with his Grandfather *Bonbenet*, who took Care to send him to School. 'Twas a Pity that *Bonbenet* was not rich, for otherwise he would have given his Grandson a good Education; but not having an Estate sufficient to make him a great Man, he put him 'Prentice to a Taylor, whose Name was *Rancour*. He was very famous in his Business, kept a Chaise, and never took less than fifty Shillings for making a Suit of Cloaths, to which he gave an admirable Air. He was likewise the Inventer of Fashions, and what seemed very singular, he kept no Journeymen, never did a Stitch himself, and nevertheless always carried home his Cloaths at the appointed Time, which made the World say, that *Old Nick* worked for him. *Alexis* had now been 'Prentice about a Year, and *Bonbenet* who went often to see him, found him sometimes employed in turning the Spit, sometimes in rubbing the Chambers, but never in sewing upon the Shopboard. This griev'd the old Man so much, that he grew as yellow as a Pumpkin; indeed he had no great Reason to be satisfied with the Taylor,

For, for *Alexis* was such an *Ignoramus* at sewing, that he could not make so much as a Coal-Sack; wherefore he took him from *Rancour*, with Design to put him elsewhere. *Alexis*, who was as witty as an Angel, perceiving that *Bonbenet* was griev'd at his Loss of Time, leap'd about his Neck, and said, Dear Grandfather don't afflict yourself, if I have not learnt to make a Suit of Cloaths, I have learnt something else that is better. What, cry'd *Bonbenet*? Truly, truly, said *Alexis*, I am not so much a Fool as you imagine, and I know a great many arch Tricks. *Rancour*, continued he, lock'd himself one Day in his Closet, I had the Curiosity to look through, and saw him do Things that are surprizing. He spoke but two Words, which I remember very well, and immediately was transformed into a Mouse. Good Heavens! cry'd *Bonbenet*, what do you tell me! That's impossible. It is so far from being impossible, answered *Alexis*, that I will this Moment, if you please, transform myself before you into a Lap-Dog. Let me see you, said *Bonbenet*; and the same Instant there appeared in the Chamber a little Dog of an extraordinary Beauty, which leap'd up, and fawn'd upon *Bonbenet*.

*Benet.* The old Man was not a little surprized at this *Metamorphosis*, but as he tenderly loved his Grandson, he was afraid of his continuing in that Shape all the rest of his Life; wherefore he said to him twice or thrice; my Son, re-assume thy natural Form; hereupon *Alexis*, who was all Obedience, ceased to be a Dog, and again became *Alexis*. Well Grandfather, said he, is it not better to know this, than how to cut out a Pair of Sleeves? Don't trouble yourself about any Thing, pursued he, you have maintained me ever since the Death of my good Father and Mother, and it is but just that I should provide for you the rest of your Days. To Morrow Morning I will transform myself into a fine Horse, you shall carry me to Market, and endeavour to sell me for a hundred Pistoles, only bring home the Halter, and all will go well.

Next Morning *Alexis* assum'd the Form of the handsomest Horse in the World, and *Bonbenet* led him to Market, where he was admired by all who saw him. The Jockeys cheapened him, and offered fourscore Pistoles, but *Bonbenet* would not take less than a Hundred. In the mean while, *Rancour* not being pleas-

ed with the Horse which drew his Chaise, came to Market to purchase a better, and no sooner saw *Bonbenet's*, but he had a Fancy for it; but knowing him to be very poor, he said to himself: Hey day! What is the Meaning of this? This old Fellow is as poor as a Church-Mouse, where got he this Horse? I am afraid his Grandson has discovered my Secret, I must be satisfied of the Truth. At the same Time he drew a Cylinder out of his Pocket, whereby knowing him to be his 'Prentice, under the Shape of a Horse, he resolved to be revenged upon him. With this Design, he says to the old Man, What do you ask for your Horse? A hundred Pistoles, answered *Bonbenet*, and I won't take a Farthing less. Hereupon *Rancour*, who would have given ten Thousand to have been revenged of his 'Prentice, told down a hundred Pistoles to *Bonbenet*, who was going to pull off the Halter. But the Buyer knowing the Consequence thereof, said to him: Good Man, leave the Halter, here is a Pistole to buy you another; upon which he took the Pistole without thinking any Harm, and went home to wait for *Alexis*, who was secured safe enough from coming back. *Rancour* having



having carried his Horse home, fasten'd him by the Halter, with his Nose to the Rack, and entertained him with a good Drubbing, instead of Hay and Corn. Thus did this inhuman Taylor treat him for three Days; and he was just ready to perish with Hunger and Thirst, when two Daughters which *Rancour* had, took Compassion on him. Good God, said the eldest, how barbarous is our Father! Why does he abuse this poor Beast after this Rate? I pity him, says the youngest; let us carry him some Corn, and inable him at least by good keeping to bear all the Blows he receives. With all my Heart, answered the eldest, let us feed him well, whilst my Father is absent. They went then both to the Stable, and gave the Horse his Belly full of Corn, after which they led him to the River to drink. But he gave them the Slip the Moment he felt the Water; and his Thirst having made him think the Condition of a Fish very happy, he chang'd himself into a Carp, that he might drink at his Ease. Imagine how this astonished the Taylor's Daughters; they returned home very much afflicted at having lost such a fine Horse, and yet much more terrified at the ill Effects they had

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Reason to expect from their Father's Anger. Accordingly *Rancour* coming home soon after, his first Care was to run to the Stable to beat his Horse; but not finding him there, he would know what was become of him. Hereupon his Daughters, with Tears in their Eyes, told him what had happened; at which he whipp'd the youngest, and box'd the Ears of the eldest; which done, transforming himself into a Heron, he flew about the Surface of the Water, with Intent to devour *Alexis*, thinking he had changed himself into a little Fish. He swallowed then all the small Fish in the River, one after another; but not finding his 'Prentice amongst them, he judged that he was changed into a Carp. What then should he do? He transformed himself into a large Net, and plunging into the River, at one Draught brought out two hundred Carps. He examined them, and not having found that which he wanted, plunged into the Water a second Time. It is not to be doubted with all this Exactness but the unfortunate *Alexis* would have been caught at last, if he had not had the Precaution to quit the River after having quenched his Thirst. In Effect, as he had foreseen that *Rancour*,  
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being informed by his Daughters of the Place where he had escaped from them, would not fail to come and fish there, he immediately metamorphosed himself into a Diamond, and by this Artifice eluded all *Rancour's* Vigilance and Resentment. Wherefore the Taylor being weary of catching nothing but Carps, returned home, swearing that he should never rest satisfied till he had deprived his 'Prentice of his Life.

There happened to be near the River a magnificent Palace, wherein there lived a King, who had a Daughter of a singular Beauty. As this Princess walk'd often by the River Side with her Ladies of Honour, she perceived one Day upon the Bank a Stone which shin'd extreamly, and pick'd it up. The Princess was charm'd therewith, and sent it immediately to a Jeweller, who made a Ring thereof of such extraordinary Beauty, that the like had never been seen. *Alexis*, who was under the Figure of this Ring, was very glad to be in the Hands of the King's Daughter; but his Joy was soon disturbed. *Rancour* having found by the Power of his Art, that *Alexis*, under the Disguise of a Ring, was this Princess's whole Delight, had already been contriving

ving the Means to make himself Master thereof when Chance put an Opportunity into his Hands. The King was seized with a Distemper, which the Physicians soon rendered incurable by their Drugs, and which put the Court into a Consternation. Hereupon the King not having a Mind to die so soon, caused it to be published throughout the Kingdom, that he would give half of his Dominions, and his Daughter in Marriage, to whoever could find out the Secret to cure him. *Rancour* would not lose this Opportunity, but went to the King, and having cured him, said: May it please your Majesty, I know that half of your Kingdom belongs to me; and that a Monarch's Word being inviolable, it depends only upon me to marry the Princess your Daughter; but I will not. All the Recompence that I desire is, that the Princess would make me a Present of a Ring which she wears. How, answered the King, will you be satisfied with such a small Reward, when you have a Right to demand one so much greater? Yes, my Liege, replied *Rancour*, I am, thank God, without Love, or Ambition. Well then, resumed the King, come to Morrow to my Levee, and I will  
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not only make her give you that Ring, but the Casket, if you will, with all the rest of my Daughter's Jewels. Great Prince, pursued the Taylor, you are too generous; I have only a Fancy for the Ring beforementioned, and since your Majesty has given me your Promise, I rely upon your Word.

During these Transactions, the Princess, who was ignorant of the Conversation that had just passed between *Rancour* and her Father, had lock'd herself up in her Chamber, with her favourite Lady of Honour, to discourse her about the King's Recovery, and the Terms of the Edict he had published. How unfortunate, said she, is the Condition of Princesses! Being made Victims to Reasons of State, they are sometimes sacrificed to Men, whose whole Merit consists in the Rank to which Fortune has raised her. As for me, continued she, crying, I am more to be pitied than any other; for I am upon the Point of being delivered up to a villainous Taylor, with a red Beard, and so ill-favoured, that I am very sensible I can never love him. Although the Lady of Honour had abundance of Wit, she thought this Match so ill concerted, that she knew not what to say to the Princess;

Princess, to comfort her. She wept also for her Part, and whilst they were both afflicting themselves, they perceived with the greatest Surprize, the Stone of the Ring extend itself visibly, and assume insensibly the Shape of a young Man, as beautiful as the God of Love; in short, it became *Alexis*. Fear nothing, said he, my Princess, addressing himself to the King's Daughter, and deign to hear the History of my Misfortunes. After he had related them in a moving Manner; *Rancour* continued he, will demand me of the King as the Reward of his Cure: Ah! if you had seen the Strokes he gave me with a Cudgel in his Stable, you would know that it is not without Reason I dread falling again into his Clutches.

*Alexis* by this Recital so effectually excited the Compassion of the Princess, that she promised to use her utmost Efforts, to avoid delivering him up to his Enemy. But if my Father will oblige me to it, said she mournfully, what would you have me do? Throw me answered *Alexis*, with all your Strength against the Wall, and don't trouble yourself about the rest. This Conversation lasted for some Time, and the Lady of Honour,

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Honour, who had Experience in such Cases, observ'd that the Princess thought *Alexis* very agreeable, and could have wished it had been his Fortune to have cured the King. As it was late, the Princess undress'd herself; but before she went to Bed, commanded *Alexis* to reassume the Figure of a Ring.

Next Morning the King said to his Daughter before *Rancour*, Daughter, you know the Obligations I have to this Man. He leaves me quiet Possessor of my Kingdom, and far from pretending to your Hand, is satisfied with only a certain Ring, which is amongst your Jewels. As you have always been very discreet and dutiful, I flatter myself you will give him willingly what he demands. Father, answered the Princess respectfully, there is nothing in the World which I would not cheerfully sacrifice to procure you only a quarter of an Hour's Health; but for this Ring, with your Leave, I will not part from it. How, said the King in a Passion, ungrateful Child, is it thus you repay the Love I have always born you? Dear Father, replied the Princess, let us talk without Anger: You cannot without Injustice accuse me of want of Affection to you; all my Ladies of Honour  
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can tell, that during your Illness I never ceased weeping; but, as for my Ring, I own I cannot consent to lose it; *Rancour*, added she, may, if he pleases, take what Part I have in your Crown, I don't at all value it; I will retire to a Convent, where I will live more contented with my Ring, than I should upon your Throne without it. By my Faith said the King, this is very strange, can any one be so fond of Baubles? Well then pursued he, in a Transport of Passion, which he could not master, I will, to punish you, deprive you of these Jewels which you so much admire, and confine you in a Tower. This Threat brought the Princess to Reason; insomuch, that finding she could not save her Ring, she drew her Casket out of her Pocket, and opening it, *Rancour* would have thrust his Hand therein; but the Princess pushing him back like an insolent Fellow, as he was, said, let me alone; then shewing him a Ring, ask'd if it was that he desired. No, answered he. Is it this, added she, shewing him another? No replied he. At last she pull'd out the Ring in Question. Hereupon *Rancour* stretched out his Hand rudely, to take hold of it; but the Princess throwing it

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with all her Might against the Ground, it immediately changed into a Pomegranate, which broke, and scattered the Kernels about the Room. Then *Rancour* shewing the whole Court what he could do, assumed the Figure of a Cock, and began to gather up the Kernels one after another. When he thought he had swallowed them all, he walk'd up fiercely to the Princess, who would have been glad to have seen him potted; when a little Kernel, which he had not perceived, because it was hid under a Cobweb, transformed itself immediately into a Fox, and strangled the Cock. The whole Court being astonished at this Prodigy, kept a profound Silence, during which *Alexis* quitting the Figure of a Fox, reassumed his natural Shape, and saluted the King and the Princess with such a good Grace, that they were charmed therewith. Upon this, that Prince instantly called a Council, who after a mature Deliberation, represented to his Majesty, that *Alexis* being in reality the first Cause of his Health, ought to have the Princess.

This Monarch approved the Opinion of his Ministers, said that he thought they were in the Right, then asking his Daughter

Daughter if she had no Aversion to the being joined to a Man of such a mean Extraction: By no Means, Father, replied the Princess, who loved *Alexis* to Distraction, *Content is better than Riches*; and excepting his Birth, *Alexis* is as good as a Prince. Wherefore *Bonbenet* was sent for to be a Witness of his Grandson's good Fortune, who was married to the Princess next Morning.

The Moral of this Tale is, *Harm watch, Harm catch.*



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## The Fifteenth Forfeit.

**T**HE next Forfeit, which was a Watch, belonging to a young Advocate, he told the following Story to redeem it.

### *The Philosopher's Stone.*

Whilst I was a Student at the University of *Paris*, I contracted such an inviolable Friendship with a young Gentleman of *Brittany*, of the same College, that our Fellow Collegiates used to call us the *Inseparables*. This Friend was the Son of a rich Merchant of *Nants*, which was very apparent by the considerable Sums which he frequently received from his Father, and which he spent like a young Man; that is to say, without thinking that he might one Day repent having put it to such an ill Use, as it accordingly happened.

For having been contrary to his usual Custom, a pretty considerable Time without hearing any News from his Father,

ther, he wrote to him, and did not forget to ask him for Money. But how great was his Surprize, when in Answer to two or three pressing Letters, he received Word from his Mother, that his Father had broke his Heart with Grief at the Loss of a Ship, which was laden with Merchandize to a considerable Value for several Merchants, and which he had insured; insomuch, that he wanted above ten Thousand Pounds to pay the Insurance.

At this melancholly and mortifying News, which was soon spread over *Paris*, the young Gentleman, who could no longer spend as usual, found himself abandoned by his greatest Friends; and the Principal of the College, to whom some Quarters were due for his Maintenance, told him he could no longer subsist him.

In this terrible Perplexity he addressed himself to *M. de M——*, a famous Partizan, and a particular Friend of his Father's. *M. de M——* being grieved at the Loss of his Friend, and moved with Compassion for his Son, procured him an Employment at *Bezancon*, worth fifty hundred Livres a Year, which put him again upon a good Footing. As he was a handsome agreeable Man, he found  
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the Way to make himself beloved by the Beauties of that City; and one amongst the rest carried visible Marks of the Favours she had granted him.

The Parents of this young Woman, who was really Persons of Honour, but not very rich, had Recourse to Justice to repair the Injury by Marriage, wherein they had the Satisfaction to succeed. The Revenue of his Employment, together with what his Wife's Parents gave him in Marriage, enabled them to subsist pretty creditably for some Time, but Children coming every Year to increase their Expences, and he losing his Employment, by the Death of his Protector, they were soon reduced to live upon their Effects; that is to say, to sell their Goods Piece by Piece; and as *Paris* is the *Rendez-vous* of Persons who want to make their Fortune, he came thither with his Wife and Children.

I had already been there about a Week, on Account of a Law-Suit which was upon the Point of being determined, when passing over the *Pont-Neuf*, I met this old Friend, in a Garb very different from that which he used to appear in at the College. He saw me likewise, and I believe the Shame of being seen in the  
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Condition wherein he then was, would have made him pass by me, without speaking, if I had not stopp'd him. I embraced him, and as he found that I expressed the same Friendship for him as formerly, he answered my Caresses by reciprocal Testimonies of his Affection. We walked along together, during which he related to me part of his Misfortunes, and I carried him to dine with me. After Dinner, we went to walk in the *Palais Royal*, where we took some Turns; and on coming out we saw in the great Square, before the *Palais*, four Men with drawn Swords, against one. Hereupon my Friend, who was a very brave Man, as you will find by the Sequel, made no Scruple of drawing his Sword, and running to take the weakest Part, which soon became the strongest; for two of their Enemies being disabled, the two others ran away.

The Stranger finding himself thus delivered, turned to my Friend, and embracing him, said, Sir, by what Generosity do I owe you my Life, you to whom I don't believe myself to be in the least known? My Friend answered ingeniously, that what he had done for him, he should have done for any other, and that he could

Could not bear to see a brave Man oppressed by four Villains, without assisting him. Sir, said the Stranger, your Generosity shall not go unrewarded, I will contract a Friendship with you, and render you all the Service whereof you stand in Need: I will, and I can do it, added he, where do you live? In the Street *Aux Meres*, answered my Friend: Is there not, pursued the other, some little Chamber to let near you, for I shou'd be very glad to be your Neighbour: There is a Room, said my Friend, over that where I lodge. Very well, replied the Stranger, that will fit me, hire it for me, Sir, I beg you, and here is for Earnest, farewell, added he, giving a Piece of four Pistoles.

My Friend, upon receiving this Piece, imagined that he had only said this, as a handsome Pretence to reward the Service he had done him. Wherefore he thanked him, and coming to me, shewed me the Piece which he had just earned, as he said. In Truth he had need enough of it, and this was not the least of the Effects of Providence in his Behalf, for he had a Wife and four Children, and no longer knew where to hide his Head, and this Piece of Gold came very seasonably

ably for them. Next Morning the Man did not fail coming to take his Chamber, being followed by a Porter, who brought a few Cloaths, and a little Portmanteau, which was very heavy.

My Friend could have wished he had not come; on the contrary the Landlady was overjoyed she had found a Tenant for her Chamber, and made no Difficulty in concluding a Bargain with the Stranger, who settled there directly: On the other Hand, my Friend, finding himself obliged to restore him the four Pistoles, thought he had only given them to him to pay the Hire; wherefore he shunn'd him, because he could not give him the Piece intire, having spent the greatest Part thereof. The Unknown finding my Friend avoided him, thought he had some other Reasons for so doing, and not being willing to be troublesome, did not express any Desire of his Company. During this Misunderstanding, my Friend's Family were entirely destitute of Money; and as he had a great Soul, and was incapable of a base Action, he could not relolve to declare his Misery to any one whatever.

In the mean while his Children were starving with Hunger, wherefore his  
Wife,

Wife, being moved with Compassion, said to him; Dear Husband, the Man above has very great Obligations to you, go and borrow but a Crown of him to save your poor Children's Lives, and offer to give him a Note for the four Pistoles, and whatever he will be pleased to lend you. At first he rejected this Advice; but at last his Compassion for his Wife and Children, who were just perishing, made him resolve to take her Counsel. However he could not do this without the greatest Violence to himself, and he went ten Times to the Door, and came back as often without daring to knock; at last he ventured, and immediately the Door opened.

The Stranger looking him in the Face, asked him, what ails you, Sir, you seem very much altered, has any troublesome Affair happened to you? Tell me, let it be what it will I will assist you: No, Sir, answered he, thank God, I have not met with any troublesome Affair. Is it not then some domestick Uneasiness, pursued the other? 'Tis that only, replied my Friend. The Stranger imagining that he had had some Difference with his Wife, being satisfied that even in the best regulated Families, some petty Quarrels will

will arise, said to him, let me sup with you to Night, and we will make all Things easy.

My Friend being confounded at this Speech, looked upon the other some Time fixedly, without answering him, after which he said: How would you have me provide you a Supper to Night? I have not, Sir, a Morsel of Bread to give to my Wife and my poor Children, who have not had any Thing to eat this two Days; and I came only to beg you to lend me something to buy Bread to save their Lives. Oh! God, cried the Stranger, how unworthy have I been of the Service you did me, since I did not think of preventing your Necessities: Here, my dear Friend, said he, giving him a Key, open that Portmanteau, and take as much Gold as you please, there is enough both for you and me.

The Need he had of this Assistance, made him observe less Ceremony than he would otherwise have done in opening the Portmanteau, which he found full of Gold, wherefore he took a good Handful, and said to this Friend, that he would go and order a Supper. During this Repast, the Stranger asking him what had hindered his seeing him, since his com-

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ing



ing to lodge in the House with him, he confessed ingeniously, that it was on Account of his not having been able to restore him his Piece of four Pistoles. I did not give it you with that Intent, replied the other; and my Design not being to stop there, I came nearer to you only to share my Fortune with you, as I intended to do for the Future, but must desire you on no Account ever to mention this to any one,

Accordingly all Things went so well with my Friend from that Time, that he soon provided himself new Furniture, and fine Cloaths. However lavish they were in their Housekeeping, the Stranger who always eat with them, never found any Fault; and my Friend who had left off living extravagantly, only by Reason of his Inability to support the Expence, forgetting upon the first Approach of Prosperity the miserable Condition from whence he was just delivered, was not long before he returned to his former Course of Life.

Happening to be one Night in Company, where the Wine had not been spared, he was so unfortunately imprudent as to divulge all his good Fortune; of which Cardinal *Richlieu*, who had Spies every

every where, and was in Quest of this famous Alchymist, was punctually inform-  
the very next Day. My indifcreet Friend,  
although extreme drunk, did not fail of  
going home to Bed, where he slept till five  
a-Clock next Morning, when awaking,  
and remembring what he had said the  
Night before at the Tavern, he was seiz-  
ed with Rage and Despair. Ah ! cried  
he, transported with Fury, and tearing  
his Hair, how unfortunate am I, to have  
betrayed such a good Friend, to whom I  
am obliged for all I have in the World!

Upon saying this, he would have flown  
to his Sword; but his Wife awaking on  
a sudden, leapt out of Bed in her Shift,  
and prevented his executing such a wick-  
ed Design. Wherefore she ordered the  
eldest of her Children to run and call  
Assistance; upon which the little Boy,  
who was beloved by the Stranger, went  
to beg him to come down. Well, said  
he, embracing my Acquaintance, what  
ails you, my dear Friend? Is any Thing  
wanting to compleat your Happiness?  
Tell me, have you Need of any more  
Money? I am very ready to supply you  
with what you please. No, Sir, answer-  
ed my Friend, I am unworthy of your  
Goodness to me; I have betrayed you;

or rather the Wine has betrayed me, by making me discover the Secret you so much enjoined me to keep. Is it done, there is no Help for it, and I will no longer survive my Infidelity; punish me by taking away my Life, if you would not have me become a Self-Murderer.

The Stranger embracing him still more closely, replied: My dear Friend, moderate your Passion; the Injury you have done me is not so great as you imagine, you have hurt no body but yourself; as for what relates to me; it is all repaired, since you have apprized me that my Secret is revealed. What afflicts me the most, is, my being obliged to leave you, and perhaps never to see you again during my Life: It would be some Comfort to me, if my Portmanteau was better replenished with Gold, but such as it is, I beg you to accept it. As for the rest, don't trouble yourself about what will become of me, the whole World is my Country, as well elsewhere as here, I am easy every where; this said, he again embraced him, and bid him *Adieu*; which done, he went away without any one's being able to discover what became of him.

Cardinal

Cardinal Richlieu's Guards did not fail coming about eight in the Morning, to seize my Friend, and conduct him to the *Bastille*. There being interrogated concerning what had been said at the Tavern, he answered, that he did not know what he had said in his Drink, and that he did not doubt but Excess of Wine had made him utter several Impertinencies without any Foundation. He added, that, the Night before in particular, he had so entirely lost his Reason, that he should have killed himself, if his Wife, awaking at his Cries, had not prevented him: Whereupon his own Neighbours being examined, and saying the same Thing, he was released.

Since that Time he made such serious Reflections upon all the Misfortunes wherein Debauchery had involved him, that he managed like a good Husband what the Stranger had left him at his Departure; insomuch, that he has since led a more regular Life in his Family, and settled his Children very handsomely in the World.

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## The Sixteenth Forfeit.

**T**HE next Forfeit that was drawn, proved to be an Inkhorn, which was claimed by *M. Coquinville* the Attorney, the whole Company were very impatient to hear his Story; being persuaded that he would relate some very diverting Adventure: Accordingly he began as follows.

### *The Ridiculous Rencontre.*

The Sun being fatigued with his long Journey, had plunged himself into the Lap of *Tbetis*; and the Moon which was then at full, had succeeded him; when I left the *Salutation Tavern*, where I had supped with a Brother Attorney, at the Expence of one of his Clients, whom he had fortunately hindered from coming to an Agreement with his Adversary. I had found the Wine very good, and wanted nothing but Rest, in the Condition wherein I then was; wherefore as soon as I got home I went

to Bed, and there was no Need of Rocking to lull me to sleep: I had already slept two Hours very soundly by the Side of a young Woman, who felt too much Pain, to be able to rest as well as I. Sometimes she turned on one Side, sometimes on the other, bewailing and tormenting herself after a strange Manner. She durst not awaken me, being scrupulous of disturbing the Repose of a Man who made such a good Use of it. At another Time she would not have been so nice; but her Pain increasing, and being no longer able to bear its Violence, she at last gave a great Cry, which awakend me.

I was going to rise, and fly to my Fire-Arms, being terrified at the confused Idea which a frightful Dream had left upon me, when taking me by the Hand, she informed me of the Reason of her Outcry. Alas! Dear Husband, said she, 'tis against my Will that I disturb your Rest; but the Pain I feel, and the Necessity I am in of Assistance, will, I hope, excuse me. Finding then that she was in Labour, I rose with as much Speed as possible, and called the Servant; and whilst she was dressing, went up three Pair of Stairs, where my Clerks lay, with Design to send them for a Midwife. But



as it was then Carnival Time, and they were either at a Dancing, or some other Diverſion, I found I would be obliged to go upon that Errand myſelf.

I could willingly have ſent the Maid, but as ſhe was an old experienced Servant, ſhe was more proper than myſelf to take Care of my Spouſe. I thought I ſhould have come off for going to the next Midwife; but I was miſtaken; for my Wife declared ſhe would have no other but *Madame Dubois*, whoſe Houſe was near the *Baſtille*; and you muſt know that I then lived in the *Fauxbourg St. Germain*, at the Abbey Gate. I did not fail of repreſenting to her, that ſhe would oblige me by being ſatisfied with the Midwife that lodged near us, and that it would even be the Way to be ſooner relieved. She answered me, that ſhe had no Opinion of any one but *Madame Dubois*, and that ſhe ſhould fancy that ſhe ſuffered more under the Hands of any other. I was too well acquainted with the Temper of my *Rib*, to loſe ſuch precious Time in combating her Obſtinacy; and beſides, I loved her well enough to wiſh to ſee her ſoon eaſed of a Pain, whereof I imagined myſelf the Cauſe.

I dreſſed

I dressed myself then with so much Precipitation, that I put on Stockings of two different Colours, and took one of my Wife's Petticoats, instead of my Cloak; then not being able to find my Peruke, I clapped my Hat upon my Night-Cap. Being thus equipped I went out without a Light, and was no sooner in the Street than I heard the Clocks strike one.

Every Mortal seemed to abandon the Streets, in Respect to such an uncommon Figure as mine; not one Person appeared before me; and far from resembling those timorous Wretches, who dare not pass through unfrequented Places, I wish'd on the contrary that I might pursue my Journey as I had begun, being sure that whilst I continued alone, I should meet with no cross Accident. But whilst I was upon the *Port-Neuf*, and reflecting that in that Place, at such an unseasonable Hour, the Passers by were very often stripped, I saw a Man come directly towards me, whom I took for a Nimmer of Cloaks; this frighten'd me, insomuch, that I was very near running home: However making a Virtue of Necessity, I put on a resolute Look, and went strait towards him.

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As he came likewise directly towards me, we should have been in Danger of spoiling each other's Nose, if, through a reciprocal Civility, or rather through a mutual Terror, we had not made Way for each other. He then gave me such a ghastly Look, that I was seized with Fear a second Time; and I was just going to make the best of my Way, by a speedy Flight, from a Person whose Aspect seemed to me to bode me no good, when looking behind me, I saw that he was at least as much frighten'd as myself, and that the same Dread that made me hurry along so hastily, made him scamper on yet faster. This gave me Courage; and finding that the Danger which I apprehended posted away with such Speed from me, I stopp'd short to observe him who had terrified me so much; and becoming bolder by my Reflections, and his Cowardice, was vex'd that I had seem'd afraid of a Man who was so timorous.

In the mean while, he turned his Head, and seeing me stop, stood still likewise to examine me; whereupon I made a Motion as if I would have gone towards him, and he made another as if he designed to come towards me. I then  
repented

repented my having stopp'd; and to shew him that I had no evil Design against him, pull'd off my Hat, and saluted him very civilly. On the other Hand he returned my Salute by a low Bow, after which we approached each other confidently. Faith, Sir, said I, there is too much Resemblance in our Actions, not to proceed from the same Motives; are you not going for a Midwife? you have guessed it, answered he, my Spouse, who is in Labour, will be satisfied with none but *Madame Petit*, who lives near the Abbey de *St. Germain*. And where do you live, said I? In *St. Anthony's* Street, replied he, near the *Bastille*. Sir, pursued I, this is a very singular Adventure; I live near *Madame Petit*, of whom you are in Quest; and I am going to *Madame Dubois*, who is your Neighbour; I am sorry the Taverns are not open, we would not part without drinking, though our Wives should suffer for it. Then after having both laughed at this ridiculous Rencounter, we separated.

I went on my Way, and arriving at the Greve, I met a Coach full of Masks; the Coachman and Footman who had Flambeaus, were masked likewise. As soon as they perceived my grotesque Figure,

gure, taking me for a Mask. they cried out, *Mask, where is the Ball?* I said that there was one near the *Abbey de St. Germain*, directing them to my House. They believed me, and drove to the *Fauxbourg St. Germain*. On coming to my Door, they did not in the least doubt but I had told them Truth, seeing through the Windows the Blaze of a great Fire that had been kindled, and they allowed beforehand that this pretended Ball was very well illuminated. They entered the House then, went up Stairs, and being come to the Chamber-Door, my Wife feeling at that Instant a strong Pain, gave such a violent Outcry, that the Masks imagining it was the Habitation of some Cut-throats, ran down with greater Haste than they went up.

In the mean while, I arrived at the House of *Madame Dubois*, where I knock'd so hard, that although all the Lodgers were in a profound Sleep, I made a Shift to disturb them. The Midwife got up, looked out of the Window, and ask'd, *Who is there?* Having informed her of the Reason of my coming, she awak'd the Maid, who struck a Light, and came to open the Door with a Candle in her Hand. No sooner did she set  
Eyes

Eyes upon me, but taking me for a Ghost, she gave a horrible Shriek, ran up Stairs, and flying to her Mistress's Chamber, told her it was a Spirit. The Noise she made alarmed all the Lodgers, and obliged them to arm themselves, some with Swords, and others with Spits; in short, I was obliged to tell my Name, and had all the Difficulty in the World to persuade the Wench that I was Flesh and Blood. She was very petty, and at another Time I should have taken a Pleasure in removing her Fears, and convincing her by substantial Proofs that I was a living Body, but my Business was then to hasten to the Assistance of a Person who suffered Pain enough to bear Witness of my being so.

At last *Madame Dubois* came down, and I conducted her to my Home, her Servant carrying a Lanthorn before us. We arrived there very seasonably; *Madame Dubois* went to work, and managed so well, that I had soon a Son and Heir. This Ceremony was hardly over, when I heard a loud knocking at the Chamber-Door; whereupon I ask'd *Who is there?* And was answered, *open in the King's Name.* Heyday! said I, *What has his Majesty to do with my Wife's Lying in?* Open I say again, answered he who had

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spoke



spoke before, or else we will break the Door in a Thousand Pieces. In short I did so, and was not a little surprized to see a Commissary enter with a *Posse* of Constables and Watchmen. The Commissary observing some bloody Linen in the Middle of the Room, turn'd to his Clerk, and said; *Here are fine Doings, let us take Account thereof.* I know, Sir, answered I, that your Office impowers you to draw up a Process, when there is any Blood spilt criminally; but as for what you see here, it certainly does not come under your Cognizance; wherefore send away your Guard, and walk in and drink a Health with me to the *Woman in the Straw*. Upon saying this, I took him by the Hand and led him into my Wife's Chamber, where he no sooner entered, but finding the Truth, he burst into a loud Laughter. Hereupon he sent away the *Posse*, and as we were acquainted, did not refuse to help me drink off a Bottle of Wine. He then told me, that a Company of Masks having informed him that some Murder was committing at my Lodgings, he had immediately sent for the Watch to come and prevent any Mischief; and that he asked my Pardon for giving me so much Trouble. I replied,

plied, that it had not provoked me in the least; but on the contrary, to shew that I was his Friend and humble Servant, I desired he would stand Godfather, to the new born Infant, which he accepted very civilly.

M. *Coquinville* having ended his Relation, the whole Company complimented him upon his Story, which he had rendered still more entertaining by the Turn he had given it, than by the Oddness and Fantasticalness of the Events.



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## The Seventeenth Forfeit.

**T**HE last Forfeit belonging to a Colonel, he told the following Story to redeem it.

### *The History of the Colonel and Mademoiselle St. Valentin.*

One Winter, being at *Paris*, I used to go very frequently to hear Mass at the *Minims*, on the *Palace Royale*, to confess the Truth, not so much out of a Principle of Devotion, as from a Desire of viewing the fair Ladies, who frequented this Church. Amongst these I one Day saw a young Beauty, who seemed between nineteen and twenty Years old; never did my Eyes behold a more charming Creature than this lovely fair one; She had a majestick Air, with an admirable Shape, and the just Proportion of her Features, join'd to the Liveliness of her Complexion, formed such an Assemblage of Charms, as was altogether wonderful.

wonderful. This enchanting Person was attended by a Woman and two Footmen, one of whom held up the Train of her Gown, which was magnificent, whilst the other carried a Book, whose Cover was embellished with Plates of Gold. The Lustre of this Beauty fix'd my Eyes upon her so attentively, and made such an Impression on my Heart, that from that Time I neglected all the rest; and the Pleasure I took in contemplating so perfect an Object, made me not fail going every Day at the same Hour to that Church. Whether she came thither in a *Dishabille*, or richly dressed, I always discovered some new Charm in her, which gave me fresh Pleasure. But my Happiness was not of long Continuance; this beauteous Lady disappeared, and however assiduous I was afterwards in frequenting that Church, I could never meet her there.

I was infinitely vexed that I had not the Precaution to inform myself of her Name, and the Place of her Abode; flattering myself that then I should not have found some Difficulty to gain Admission to her. I set all my Wits to work to repair this Fault; and as I left no Stone unturned in making Enquiry after her; one Day

as I was passing through St. *Lewis's*-Street, I saw a Footman standing at a Gate, in a Livery which seemed to be the same with hers of whom I was in Quest. Not being willing to let slip this Opportunity, I ordered one of my Servants to inquire of a Woman, who was at the Door, the Name of that Footman's Master, and he brought me Word, that he was called *Monsieur P—*. This done, I myself accosted the Man, and said to him; Friend, be so kind to inform me how *Mademoiselle P.* does. The Fellow fetching a deep Sigh answered, alas! Sir, she died last Night, and we wait only for our Mourning, in order to bury her. This Reply surprized me to that Degree, that I stood as if I had been Thunder struck; and without being able to speak a Word more, went home directly, afflicted so much, that all my Friends perceived it, and used their utmost Efforts to divert me.

One Night as I was going home pretty late, for it was then Carnival Time, I heard a Woman's Voice, asking softly from a Window, *Are you there?* Yes, said I; *receive then this Bundle*, added she, letting it fall. I did not at all doubt but this was some domestick Robbery, wherefore designing to restore the Theft next Morning

ning, I went six Times backward to see if I could distinguish the House, but in vain, the Night being too dark. I approached then to the Door, to feel if I could not find something remarkable thereon; and as I drew nigh, perceived under the Window, whence I had received the Bundle, a Person who having likewise discovered me, walked away: Whereupon, this Theft was previously concerted, said I to myself, and this Shadow which appeared just now, come on Purpose to receive the Bundle which I have got. I went on towards the Door, and hearing it opened softly, stopp'd short, and two Women come out, one of which asked me in a low Voice, *have you the Bundle?* Yes said I, *follow us then,* replied she, which I did to find what would be the End of this Adventure. Having walk'd five or six hundred Paces, they rang at a little Door, which a Maid came immediately to open with a Candle. Then I perceived the Persons I had followed were two Women, one whereof was magnificently dressed, though *Dishabille*. I could not discover their Faces; because they went in without turning their Heads. Having cross'd the first Room, they went into a second, and sent me Orders  
by



by the Servant who had let us in, to stay in the Antichamber, and give her the Bundle which I had brought. Accordingly I delivered it to her, and staid there to see the End of this Comedy.

Half an Hour after I heard a terrible Outcry, like that of a Woman going to be murdered; wherefore, without Hesitation, I drew my Sword, and ran to assist the Person in Distress; but had no sooner set Foot in the Chamber, than I found that my Assistance could be of no Service. I then changed my Opinion, that these Women were Thieves, and on the contrary suspected that she who had shrieked out so loud, was upon the Point of restoring to Nature what she had borrowed from her. I was soon confirmed in this Thought by a fat Woman, who coming out of the Chamber, and passing through that wherein I staid, said to me, *Thank God, it is all over, the young Lady is happily delivered; I have let her see that she was not deceived in preferring me to all the other Midwives.* This said, she went on, and returned back, made me a low Curt'ey, taking me, without doubt, for the Father of the Child she had just brought into the World. On the other Hand, the young Lady finding herself delivered,

delivered, called for Pen, Ink and Paper, and writing a Letter which she sealed, ordered the Midwife's Servant to give it to the Man in the Antichamber, to carry it as was directed. Accordingly the Letter was delivered to me, and I carried it to a young Magistrate. As I was charged to deliver it into his own Hands I knocked so hard and so long, that his *Swiss* being weary with hearing the Noise I made, came and opened the Gate. Seeing me in a Suit of Cloaths rickly laced with Gold, and a Paper in my Hand, he imagined I was one of the King's Officers, who had brought his Master some secret Orders from Court. Wherefore he awakened his *Valet de Chambre*, to whom he told his Thoughts; upon which he arose, and introduced me into his Master's Chamber, who immediately demanded what I wanted. *To give you a Letter*, said I. *From whom*, cried he? *You'll see*, replied I; whereupon he opened the Letter, and read as follows.

*I am at last delivered of the heavy Burthen, which I have had so much Trouble to conceal; and I may say that my Precautions have not been fruitless, since the Affair is brought to a happy Conclusion. I count as nothing the Pains I have suffered, since*  
you

*you have been the Cause of them, and this Thought has greatly enabled me to support them. The Footman who is to deliver this Letter into your Hands, is very faithful; you may send your Answer by him with all Manner of Safety. I would not let him appear in his ordinary Cloaths, to the End that the Midwife herself, who has delivered me, may not know who I am. As for the rest, come and see me as soon as possible, and I will acquaint you with all.*

As soon as he had read this Letter, he wrote this Answer.

*I am overjoyed, my dear Angel, that you are happily delivered, and yet more to hear that your Pains have not alienated you from me. I will come presently to see you, and we will resolve together upon all Things; take as much Care as possible of yourself, and counterfeit so well some other Sickness, that the End of the Mystery may prove answerable to its Beginning: But whatever happens, be assured that my Heart shall never be any others but yours.*

He sealed this Letter, and delivered it to me with four *Louis d'Ors*, which he flipp'd into my Hand; which done, taking

ing Leave of me, I went to the Midwife's, who told me that the young Lady had found herself so well, that I need not trouble myself about the Child, for she would take Care to provide it a good Nurse. To encourage her to keep her Word, I gave her two of the four *Louis d'Ors*, saying, here Madam, here is for the first Month. This confirmed her in her Imagination that I was the Father. I left her in this Opinion, and went to find out the Lady's Lodgings, which was no hard Matter, the Direction being upon the Letter, and Day beginning to appear.

When I got to her Gate, I saw a sort of a Footman without a Livery, who was waiting till it was opened to get in. I asked him if he belonged to the Family, he answered, yes; *Whose Servant are you then Friend*, said I? *Mademoiselle St. Valentin's* cryed he. *Since you belong to her*, replied I, *deliver this Letter into her own Hands, and take this for your Pains*, added I, giving him the other two *Louis d'Ors*. You must know that this Footman had spent the Night in waiting for a Bundle which was to have been given him, and which was the very same that I had received, because that at the same Time when I passed by he had retired  
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for Fear of being seen, and I happened to come exactly to take it from the Hands of the Woman, who imagined when she gave it me, that she had delivered it to him. As it was very cold that Night, the poor Wretch walked to and fro to warm himself, which was the Reason he did not see the Woman return, they having provided themselves with a Key, that they might make the less Noise, and let themselves in with more Secrecy. For this Reason he had waited till Day-Break, and when I gave him this Letter, he thought it was the Parcel for which he was ordered to stay: This comforted him from the Cold, which he imagined he had not endured in vain, to which the two *Louis d'Ors* which I had given him contributed not a little. As soon as the Gate was opened he gave the Letter to his Mistress, who asked him how the Person did, who delivered it to him. Very well, answered he; did he not seem very much overjoyed, continued she? Yes indeed, *Madam*, replied the Footman, *his Satisfaction was not only visible in his Countenance, but he shewed it likewise by his Actions.* How so? said the Lady; in giving me two *Louis d'Ors* for my Pains, replied he. *In good Truth*, says her Woman,

man, your Fortune would be soon made, if you had often such Nights. I wish I had, with all my Heart, answered he, tho' I should be obliged again to blow my Fingers. As for my Part, I left no Stone unturned to gain Admission to *Mademoiselle St. Valentin*, and an Opportunity offered, when I least expected it. This happened in a Company of Ladies, where they chanced to be talking of the Beauties of the *Marais*, and in the Neighbourhood of the *Palace Royale*. Hereupon I expatiated upon the Beauty of *Mademoiselle P.* 'Tis Pity, said I, that fair Lady is dead; one might have boasted when looking upon her, that one had seen all that the Poets had said of the Goddess of Beauty. Upon this Speech the whole Company burst into a Laughter, and one of my Friends asked me where I had seen this wonderful Charmer? At the *Minims*, answered I; and was she Daughter to the President *P.* replied he? Yes, said I, 'twas she herself. And you think her handsome, said a Lady of the Company? Certainly, continued I, very handsome. Faith, my dear Marquis, said my Friend, don't persist in your Opinion, if you would not be thought a Man of a very dull Fancy. Sir; returned the Lady

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dy who had spoken before, since you take so much Pleasure in beholding a handsome Woman, I offer to shew you one, who will charm you entirely, if *Mademoiselle P.* has been able to please you. One of the Company asking her whom she meant; she answered, *Mademoiselle St. Valentin*; whereupon all of them subscrib'd to her Opinion, and concluded that there was not a more beautiful Lady in *Paris*. This increased the Desire I before had of knowing her; wherefore I said to the Lady, that I should be obliged to her, if she would do me the Pleasure to introduce me as soon as possible, and that I had long sought an Opportunity of this Charmer. To Morrow, if you will, said she, you need only come to my House, and we will go together in my Coach. I took Care not to fail being at the Place of *Rendezvous*; and accordingly going next Day to the Lady's, she carried me to *Mademoiselle St. Valentin's*, who received us the more graciously, inasmuch as the Lady who introduced me was one of her intimate Friends. But Heaven knows how great was my Surprise, when I found that this Beauty was the very same whom I had seen at *Mimms*, and whom I believed dead, being  
deceived

deceived by the Likeness between *Mademoiselle P's* Liveries and hers. Well, said the Lady who brought me, softly, do you think that this fair one is inferior to the other? No, Madam, answered I, there is no Comparison, and I confess that I never beheld any Thing more charming. What I knew of her gave me a little more Boldness than I should have used, had I been ignorant thereof, and the Freedom of my Behaviour was not displeasing to her. Before we went away, I asked Permission to visit her from Time to Time, and assure her of my Respects; to which she answered, that I should do her a great Honour. As we were going out, we met the Magistrate in the Court-Yard, who bowed to the Lady very civilly, and seeing me follow immediately after, saluted me as a Gentleman would a Servant, contenting himself with only nodding his Head, and saying, *how do you Friend*, pretty carelessly. This surprizing the Lady with whom I was, how, said she, do you know this Magistrate, and did you seek for one to introduce you to *Mademoiselle St. Valentin*? Pray who could have done it better than he? I answered, that I chose rather to be obliged to her for that Favour, than to the Ma-

gistrate; who on the other Hand said to his Mistress, you have got a Footman who gives himself the Airs of a Man of Quality, when he is not dressed in his Livery. No Doubt, he is making Love to some *Abigail* of the first Rank, replied the waiting Woman, for when he goes to visit them, he does not put on his Livery. The Conversation broke off there; and I knew so well how to take Advantage of the Liberty granted me by *Mademoiselle St. Valentin*, that I went often to see her, and she received me always perfectly well.

One Day, as I was playing with her at *Picquet* the Magistrate came into the Room, and was infinitely surpriz'd to see me so familiar with a Lady to whom he thought me to be a Footman. Upon my rising to salute him, *Mademoiselle St. Valentin*, who was a loser, said peevishly: *Away with Ceremonies, sit down, if you please, and look upon my Game, see here, this is my Point.* I obeyed her; but the Judge being shocked with the cool Reception given him by his Mistress, went immediately away. The waiting Woman meeting him upon the Stairs, asked, *What is the Matter, Sir, you are going so soon? Because,* answered he, *my Presence*  
must

*must disturb the Pleasure your Mistress takes in playing at Cards with a Servant. How, a Servant!* replied she, *he's a Colonel. Yes,* added he, *a Servant, I know very well what I say, and his laced Cloaths can't impose upon me. This said, he hurried away without deigning to explain himself any farther. Hereupon, when I was gone, she did not fail asking her Mistress, with whom she thought she had been at play? I don't justly know,* answered she; *but I am satisfied he must be a Man of Quality, since otherwise the Lady who brought us acquainted would not have introduced him to me; and besides, his genteel Behaviour shews it sufficiently. Really, Madam,* replied her waiting Woman, *that Lady has help'd you to a fine Acquaintance! a sham Marquis in a gold laced Coat! Don't be deceived, he's but a mere Upstart, a Footman in Disguise, one of those Sharppers who thrust themselves into the Company of People of Fashion, to trick them of their Money. And who told you this,* cried the Lady? *Mr. P* replied she, naming the Magistrate, *and that was the Reason he went away so abruptly, when he saw you playing tete a tete with such a Fellow. Since it is so,* continues the Lady, *go immediately and tell the Porter, that I order*

him never to let him enter my Doors; which she did. Two Days after, returning thither according to Custom, the Porter refused me Entrance. Finding myself thus deprived of the Sight of this Charmer, I imagined that my Presence was become disagreeable to her, because the Magistrate having recollected me, had informed her that I was acquainted with the Secret of her History, being far from thinking that he had continued so long in an Error: But his Thoughts were at that Time very different from mine, for he still believed me a Footman, and a Footman who was happy in his Mistress's Favour, which raised his Spite and Jealousy to the Height.

This last Thought gained such a firm Belief in him, that he made an Oath never more to see the Lady, wherefore he wrote her this Note.

*You have told me a hundred Times, that my Absence was insupportable to you; and in my fond Credulity, I neglected my most important Affairs, to bestow my Hours upon you; but now, false Woman, that you have in your own House wherewith to dispense with my Company, suffer me, if you please, to devote myself intirely to the Duties*

ties of my Office. If the Footman who supplied my Place, and was playing with you yesterday so familiarly, discharges his Part well, I will give you for the future all the Liberty imaginable, to make your own Advantage of it. Adieu.

These Lines touched *Mademoiselle St. Valentin* very sensibly, finding herself hereby abandoned by a Person, with whom it was her Interest to keep fair. Wherefore she immediately went to the Lady who had introduced me, and asked who I was, and whether she was well acquainted with me. Yes, replied the Lady, he is an Officer in the Army, and I believe he may have shown you by his Behaviour, that he is of a Family of the greatest Distinction.

*Mademoiselle St. Valentin* being overjoyed with this Answer, was no sooner got home, but she wrote to the Magistrate as follows.

*I don't know what you mean when you reproach me with playing with a Footman; I am far from having any Sentiments so unworthy of my Birth, and if I have condescended to stoop so low as the Gown, no one shall ever see me fall lower. The Person*  
*who*



who has intoxicated your Brain is of a very considerable Rank in the Army, and I thought that a Person of my Station might with Honour play at Cards with a Gentleman of his Quality, without any one's pretending to find fault with it. I am too innocent of that whereof you accuse me, to give myself any Trouble about my Justification; inform yourself better, and like an upright Judge, do me Justice in making me Satisfaction for my Honour: You owe it me more Ways than one. Adieu.

The Perusal of this Letter threw the Magistrate into a strange Perplexity; he wish'd his Mistress might be innocent, and sometimes believed her so; but when he remembred the Letter I had brought him, he returned always to his first Thought.

At last, one Day, when I was playing at Cards, at the Duke *de R's*, he entered the Room; but how great was his Surprise, when he saw me in Company with blue Garters, and Marshals of *France*. I observed his Perplexity, although I did not seem to perceive it. At last it being Time to depart, he offered to carry me home in his Coach. I accepted his Offer with abundance of Pleasure, flattering myself

myself with the Hopes of hearing some News of his Mistress; but he prevented me, and said; *Sir, shall I beg the Favour of you to tell me, if I have not had the Honour of seeing you somewhere?* Sir, replied I, *I believe the Honour was mine at Mademoiselle St. Valentin's.* But, continued he, *If I am not mistaken, I think I have seen you somewhere else.* Then remembering the Letter I had carried, and what Opinion he had then of my Station, I burst out a laughing, without making him any Answer; which made him know he was not deceived. *For God's Sake, Sir,* added he, *inform me by what Chance you came to be intrusted with that Letter which you brought to me?* Hereupon I related to him the Story without the least Disguise. He asked me if *Mademoiselle St. Valentin* knew it. I told him no, and that I would not mention it to her, for Fear of giving her Uneasiness.

Hereupon, instead of carrying me home, he stopped at *Mademoiselle St. Valentin's*, where being arrived, the Porter would not let me go in, whatever Intreaties he could use. The Magistrate soon apprehended that he had been the Cause of my Banishment, wherefore he quitted me to go and get it repealed. After sal-  
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ling at his Mistress's Feet, he begged her Pardon for what he had written, confessing that ever since I had brought him a Letter from her, he had always taken me for a Footman.

*What Letter do you mean, said she? I never employed that Gentleman upon any Errand; and I wish he was here, to convince you of all the Chimera's that have entered into your Brain. He is at the Door, said he, give Orders that he may be admitted, and you shall see whether my Suspicions were ill grounded. Accordingly Orders being sent, the Porter let me in, and as soon as the Lady saw me; Sir, said she, did I ever give you any Letter to carry to this Gentleman? I never did receive any one from your own Hand, Madam, replied I, nevertheless, it is very certain that I did carry one in your Name to him. In my Name, cried she, for God's Sake, Sir, explain this Riddle. Then, seeing there was no body present but themselves, I related the whole Story as you have heard it. Whereupon, they admired the Effects of Chance, and conjured me to keep the Secret till they should be in a Condition no longer to fear any Thing, by a Marriage which was concluded soon after.*

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The Colonel having thus ended, all the Forfeits being drawn, and it growing late, the Company broke up, with a Promise of meeting again another Day, and resuming the same Diversion. Accordingly they did so, as will be found in the Second Volume, if this meets with a favourable Reception.

*F I N I S.*



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